

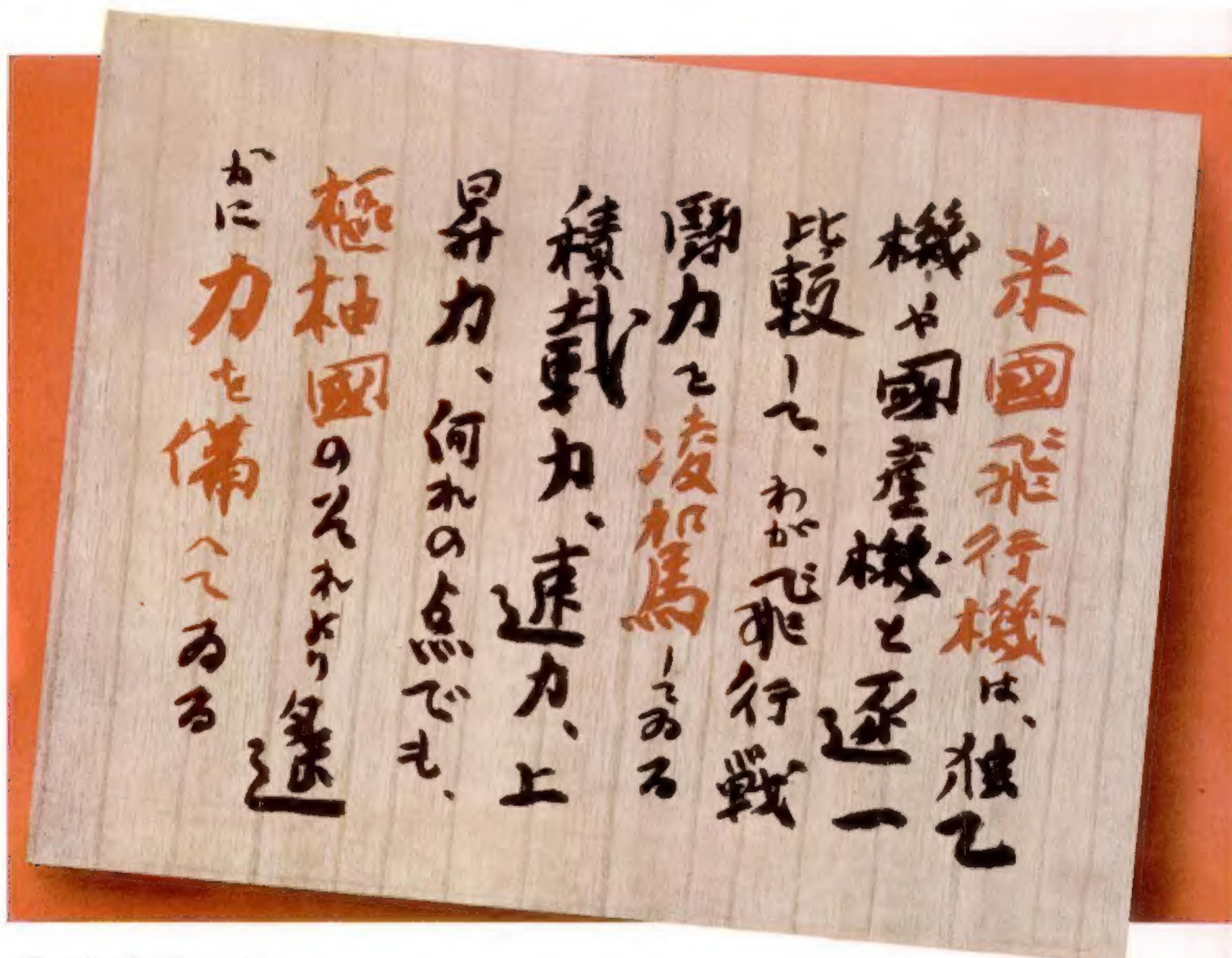
LIFE



HEDY LAMARR

JUNE 1, 1942 10 CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$4.50

TOKIO PAPERS PLEASE COPY



Translated, this means:

"American warplanes—plane for plane—can outfly and outfight Nazi and Jap machines. They pack more power, speed and climbing ability in every pound."

That's bad news for the Japanese ... particularly since it is something they can't do much about. The basic reason American planes are superior is that their engines are designed for high-octane gasoline. And only

America has plenty of the three things needed to produce high-octane gasoline:

1. *Fast resources of fine crude oils.*
2. *Superior refining processes, developed by the American petroleum industry.*
3. *Adequate production of anti-knock fluid to increase octane ratings of military gasolines.*

Today our nation reaps the benefit of the petroleum industry's many

years of effort in developing better fuels for peacetime transportation.

From the very beginning, the makers of Ethyl brand of anti-knock fluid have engaged in research work to improve fuels and have assisted in the development of engines to take advantage of these better fuels. It is our privilege today to offer our product and our technical experience to the cause of American victory.



ETHYL BRAND OF ANTI-KNOCK FLUID.

IS MADE BY THE ETHYL CORPORATION

He looks beyond the Skyline,
His Eyes see Far Horizons!

Don't you share his Dreams,
His hopes and plans for the Future?



We see him a Man, Strong and Reliant
and Smiling—with a Smile that owes much
to his lifelong use of Ipana and Massage!

YOUR SMALL DREAMER of today may be tomorrow's man of destiny. His hopes may grow to mould the shape of things that are to come.

Isn't this a thought to warm a parent's heart? Doesn't it make you grateful to the teachers of America who help to shape your child's character—who send him forth into the future with high purpose... and smiling!

Yes, smiling! For even his smile has the best of care. Today, in classrooms* all over the land, youngsters are being taught a lesson many parents

have yet to learn—the importance of firm, healthy gums to bright teeth and sparkling smiles.

These young Americans know that today's soft foods rob our gums of work and stimulation. They know why gums tend to become soft, tender... often signal their sensitiveness with a warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush!

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush... *see your dentist*. He may simply say your gums have become tender because of today's soft foods. And, like many modern dentists, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth but,

with massage, to aid gums. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums when you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gums—helps them to healthier firmness. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, firmer gums, a more sparkling smile!



Ipana Tooth Paste

Product of Bristol-Myers

This One



*In 1941, at the request of over 85,000 teachers, Ipana provided charts, teaching helps and other material for use in dental hygiene classes in American schools.



AS this is written, something like twenty thousand men and women are busy at war tasks under the Buick banner; by the time you read it still more thousands will have been put to work.

These Buick folks range from brawny veterans to lately trained men and women, all doing their part in the most formidable task that the nation's industries ever shouldered.

On one thing, though, they are birds of a feather — from top to bottom, from old-timer to greenest hand, they're in this thing *to win!*

That means, first of all, quantity. Lots of things in big lots. Fast! And we can report that in our major activity — aircraft engines — we're ahead of rates of production set for us for a full year from now.

But it also means, to a Buick man, *quality*.

To hit the enemy, hard and effectively, the need is for equipment that gets there *and back* — then gets there to *hit again*.

In aiming at such quantity-with-quality, Buick folks set themselves a high mark. There are plenty of others working for Uncle Sam who really know their stuff.

Just the same, as they well know and understand, if it's "in the wood" we're out to top 'em.

We're not satisfied to produce better engines, tank parts, gun mounts and what not than our enemies — we're competing also with the best in the bunch, our friends.

How're we doing?

That's something better to be

war goods

~~WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT~~
BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

answered by the goods we produce, and the men who use them.

We do know that day in and day out we're getting a gratifying measure of approval from the vigilant Government inspectors that must be satisfied.

We believe we have earned the respect of some able producers who work along with us — just as they've earned ours.

We know that if we found them topping us, in precision or quality, we'd move heaven and earth to reverse the picture — just as they would *expect* us to.

For as we said, we're *in to win*.

Not just to fend off, or hit back, but to *hit often* and *hit hardest*.

That, as we see it, calls for every one of us to do all he can to turn out both the *most* and the *best* for his embattled country.

BUICK DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

"MY HAIR LOOKS NEAT WITHOUT DOUSING because I've checked dry scalp!"

"I WAS A DOUSING THOMAS!"

"I thought I had to douse my hair to make it lie down. Usually I looked like a wet seal at breakfast—and a bushman the rest of the day. That's the bunk. Now I use a product that you don't have to douse on—one that checks dry scalp—makes my hair look neat and keeps it that way too..."



"HERE'S WHAT I DO NOW!"

"Instead of dousing, I put a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on my comb and run it through my hair. Or I put a little on my fingertips and rub it on my scalp. The first difference it's made is to give me decent-looking, healthy-looking hair. The second difference is, I've really checked loose dandruff, and stopped that itchiness."

"Every time I wash my hair, I massage it first with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic, because it supplements the scalp oils that get washed away. Now my hair looks good—my scalp feels good—because I'm giving double care to scalp and hair."



'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is different, containing no ingredient that has a drying effect.

• FOR DOUBLE CARE...
BOTH SCALP AND HAIR!

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. © 1943, CHEESEBOROUGH MFG. CO., CONSD.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

poser who "adapted" it, and keep Tchaikovsky's name out of it. Everybody's making money but Tchaikovsky.

FRANK EDWARDS
Boston, Mass.

SOLDIER

Sirs:

Am enclosing a picture taken from LIFE (May 11). Can you possibly tell me if the soldier at the field telephone is Corp. Fred P. Saebig? The position of



UNIDENTIFIED SOLDIER

his left hand holding a cigaret, and the ring on the finger, is so like my son's appearance. Can that be Fred?

FREDERICK SAEBIG
Oneonta, N. Y.

Sirs:

The soldier at a field telephone, I feel very sure, is my son Pvt. Tom P. Larabee. The same build, the way he is holding his cigaret, the ring on his finger, his head and the way his hair grows, and his posture.

STELLA R. CRUME
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Sirs:

Our son has been in Hawaii a long time and we are sure that he is the boy talking on the telephone. Could you confirm that? The name is Kenneth H. Hicks.

MRS. NATHAN HICKS
Detroit, Mich.

• Because military security forbids naming of soldiers outside continental U. S., except those cited in official dispatches, LIFE cannot identify individual soldiers in its pictures. LIFE does not know their names either.—ED.

JACOBY

Sirs:

We who knew Mel Jacoby at Stanford University were shocked at his untimely death (LIFE, May 11).

Mel was always popular on campus. After his return from an exchange scholarship in China he did much to arouse interest in aid for China during early stages of the Japanese aggression.

A lot of us will remember Mel—I hope I can do as well in the Army (via draft, May 18) as he did for news-hungry America.

MARCO THORNE
Los Angeles, Calif.

SUGAR

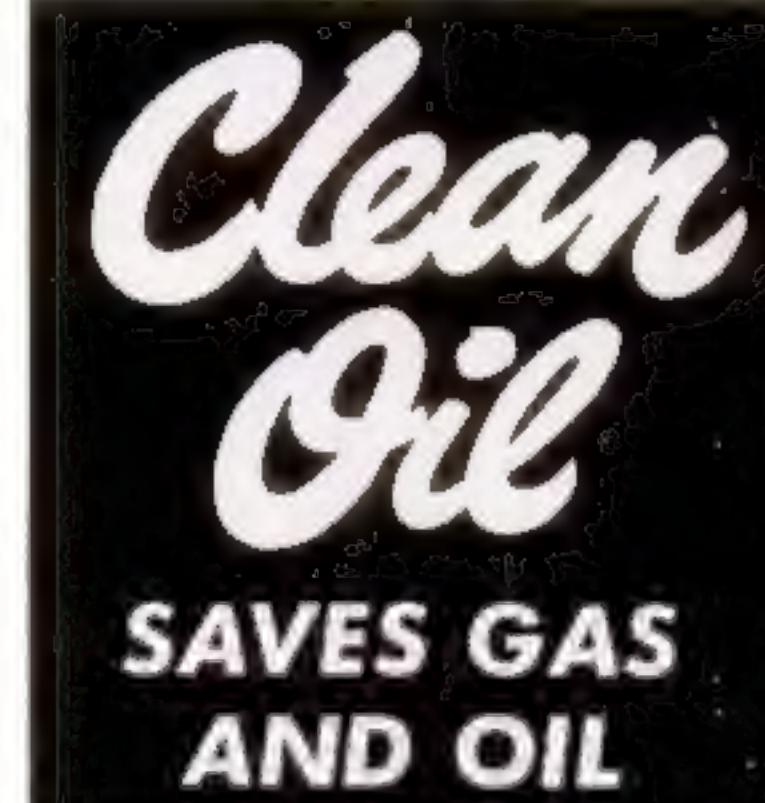
Sirs:

Your picture showing the many dishes of foods that still can be sweetened with a citizen's eight-ounce ration of sugar must have been very heartening to your readers (LIFE, May 11). That is—until they themselves had dished up the 24th spoon out of their weekly supply and began looking for the other 24 of the 48 of which your article speaks.

Technically speaking, there are 48 teaspoons of sugar to a cup (eight ounces), but not so in practice at your dining-room table. The former calls for



SAVE OIL



You may not believe it...but it's true. And here's why—

Dirty oil clogs the slots in piston rings. Then piston rings and cylinder walls wear faster. When that happens, oil economy goes out the exhaust pipe. *And so does gas economy.*

AC Oil Filters Get that Dirt

Watch the color of your oil! Install a new AC Oil Filter Element whenever the oil gets black.

Get THIS FREE
OIL TEST



When you want your oil checked in the usual way, stop in where you see the AC sign (shown below).

Have the attendant wipe your oil level gauge stick on an AC Oil Test Pad. The spot on the Pad will tell you how clean your oil is.

For engines not now equipped, your AC dealer has a complete AC Oil Filter which can be installed in a short time.

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

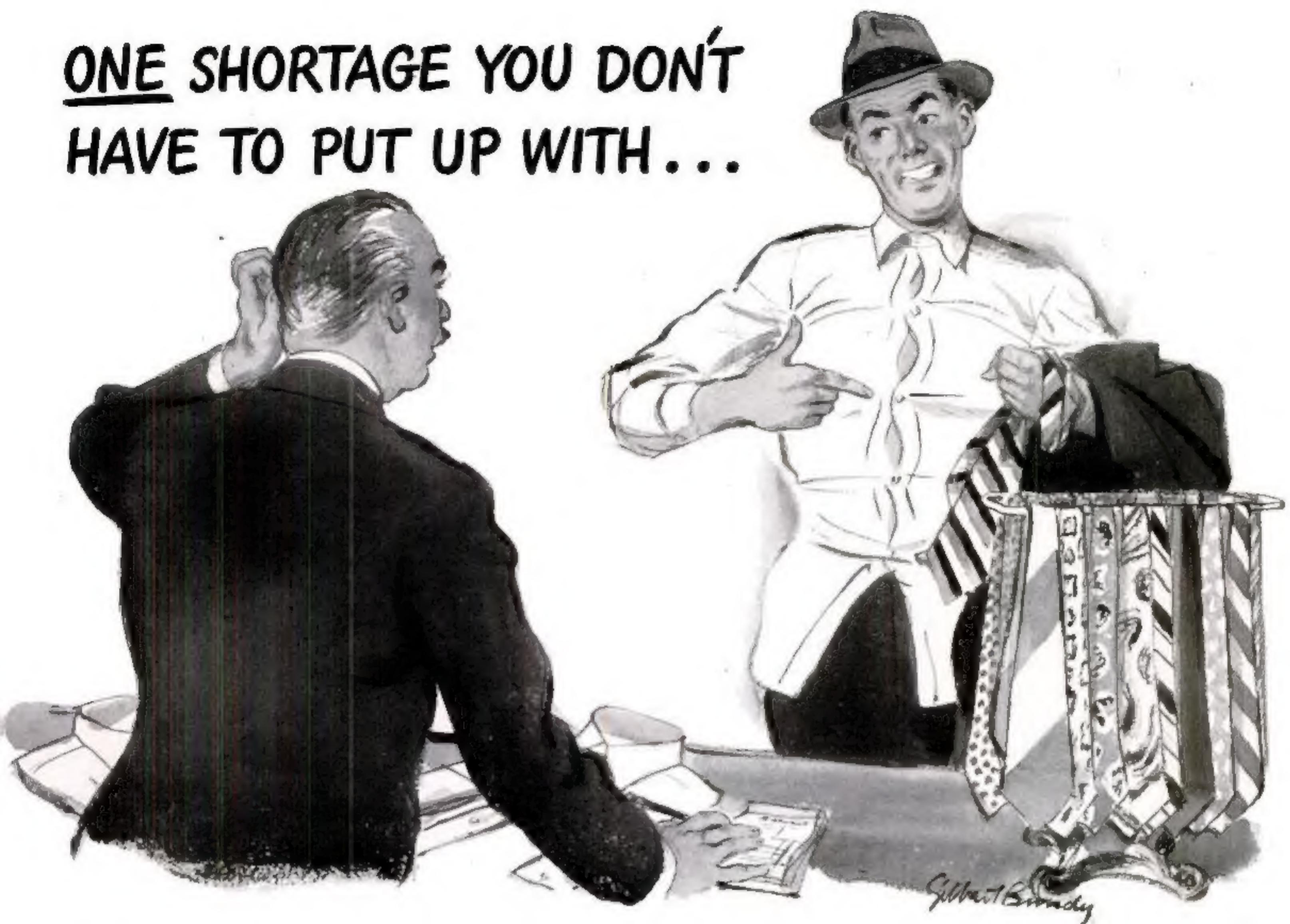
NOTE: Follow the recommendation of your service man as to when oil should be changed.



AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION
General Motors Corporation

(continued on p. 6)

ONE SHORTAGE YOU DON'T HAVE TO PUT UP WITH...



We may have to go back to beards, cuffless suits, and riding bicycles to work . . . but not to shirts that crawl and choke and shrink! For as long as you can get shirts, you can get them in fabrics that won't shrink out of fit . . . shirts with the "Sanforized" label. To avoid waste, Uncle Sam is insisting on a shrinkage standard for his boys . . . and so should you!

"Sanforized" label is on 'em—or you may not get in 'em, once they're washed!



TO WAR WORKERS—Girls in war factories and in voluntary organizations are thanking their stars for the "Sanforized" label. Denims, twills, cotton gabardines that used to shrink as much as 12% now come out of the tub as smart-fitting as they went in.

No shortages on "Sanforized" protection! uniforms for the Army, Navy, and Air Force be shrunk to a standard, for economy's sake.

It's your duty to be just as careful. And if you insist on the "Sanforized" label, you can get it!

"Boy, am I relieved!"

You should be. But remember two things. Be sure you see the "Sanforized" tag that says in black and white that the fabric won't shrink more than 1%, by standard tests. And if you don't see it, don't buy. These are no times to be tossing money away, or materials. Not for your country. Or for you!

EVEN SMALL FRY needn't wear too-small clothes. Mothers are insisting on the "Sanforized" label on all boys' wash suits, girls' dresses, and underwear. It's an important war-time economy!



•SANFORIZED•

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Checked standard of the trade-mark owner

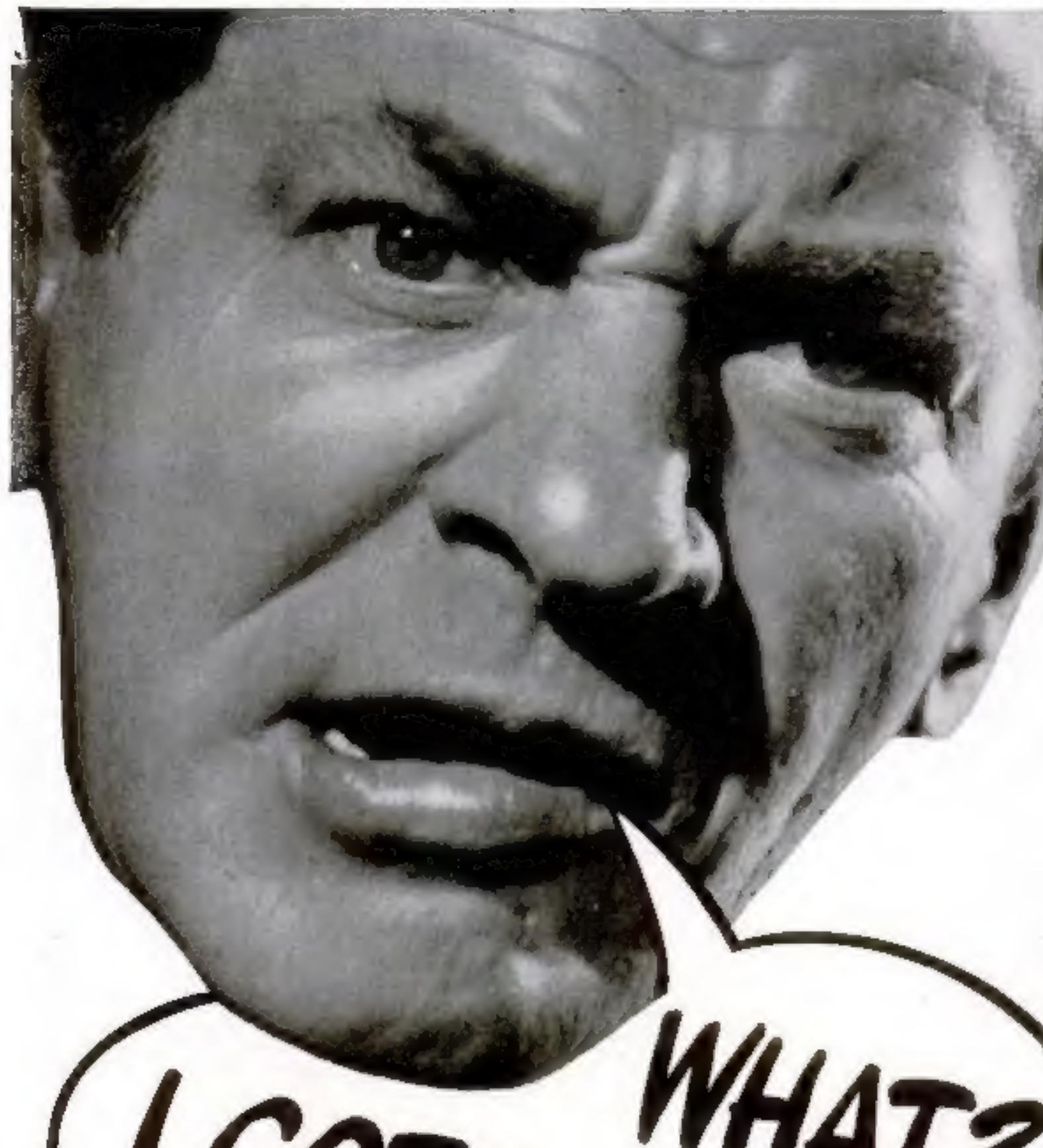
The "Sanforized" trade-mark is used by manufacturers on "Compressive Pre-Shrunk" fabrics only when tests for residual shrinkage are regularly checked, through the service of the owners of the trade-mark, to insure maintenance of its established standard by licensed users of the mark.

Clift, Prabody & Co., Inc.



WORD TO WOMEN—Fashion forecasts say that wash dresses are going to be tighter-fitting, with shorter skirts and narrower seams, to save materials. Be sure the

FOR PERMANENT FIT... INSIST ON THE "SANFORIZED" LABEL



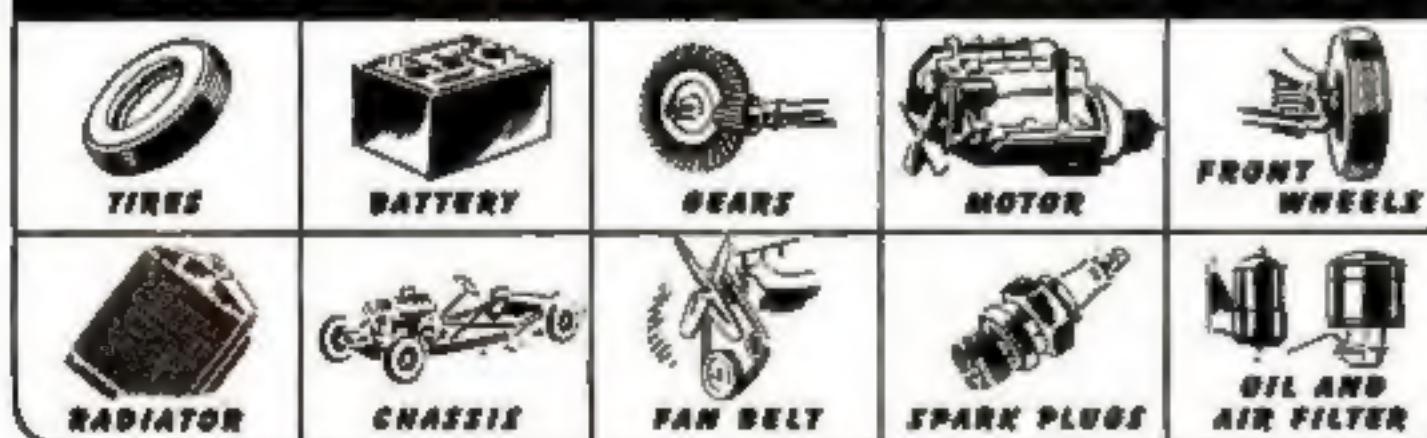
I GOTTA WALK!

THAT'S WHAT I SAID,
Mister. When your present
car gives out you'll have to walk.
But don't squawk. Do this instead. Take
your car to a Sinclair Dealer. He can prolong
its life.

Sinclair Dealers have developed a special
Sinclair-ize service that makes cars last longer.
Just as American railroads, airlines and the
U. S. Army use Sinclair lubricants to save wear on
vital transportation equipment, so Sinclair Dealers
use specialized Sinclair lubricants to save wear on
your car.

Ask a Sinclair Dealer about this service today.
You'll find that Sinclair-ize service can save you
money and worry, too.

WHERE SINCLAIR-IZE SERVICE SAVES WEAR



**SAVE WEAR WITH
SINCLAIR**

OIL IS AMMUNITION—USE IT WISELY

**LETTERS
TO THE EDITORS**

(continued)

"level" teaspoons, which requires pushing off the spoon all the sugar that gets in the way of a knife slid across the top. In practice, a spoon holds all the sugar that a timid quiver of the wrist does not shake off. The teaspoon of sugar as used by the patrons of our cafeteria is typical. It measures three per ounce, or 24, not 48, per weekly ration of 8 ounces.

CYRIL L. KEGLER
President

Bishop-Stoddard Cafeteria Co.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

MILLER'S ACCIDENT

Sirs:

Of the pictures painted by our California artist, Barrie Miller (LIFE, May 11), the one that interested me most was



MILLER PAINTS CRASH SCENE

the side-on crash of two Southern Pacific freight trains.

I submit my own photograph of the crash with Artist Barrie Miller at work on his picture of the scene.

ROY C. ANDERSON
Kingsburg, Calif.

Sirs:

Your article, Barrie Miller's Soldiers, refers to "dog faces," a slang term for buck privates. They are so named because they wear dog tags, sleep in pup tents, sit on their tails all day and growl at night.

PVT. JAMES H. LITTLE
Keesler Field, Miss.

COAL BARGE

Sirs:

In the May 4 issue of LIFE was a picture of a train of 102 cars carrying 7,882 tons. On a recent trip on the steamer *Omar* of the Ohio River Co. I took pic-



19,000 TONS OF COAL

tures of her tow of 20 barges containing almost 19,000 tons.

Moral: we should make better use of our water lanes and canals.

ESTEL BROOKS
Cincinnati, Ohio

SLACK FLACK

Sirs:

In answer to Ogden Nash, quoted in LIFE Letters (May 11) on the subject of slacks, I have penned the following, which makes up in conviction what it lacks in style.

*Be off, ignoble Ogden Nash,
Four lines of panty-waisted trash
May lead the men to fume and fuss,
But phooty, sir, you can't hurt us.*

*Indeed, we're seen ourselves retreat,
If you'll investigate the seat
Of controversy, you will see
We wear the pants—but literally.*

MARY ALICE BALES
Douglaston, N. Y.

**GUMS BLEED
A LITTLE?**
then beware—it may be
GINGIVITIS



**4 OUT OF 5 of you
may contract it!**

If your gums bleed a tiny bit when you brush your teeth or are tender to touch, *don't take chances!* This may be the start of Gingivitis—a mild gum inflammation which may strike at 4 out of 5 people.

If not combated—Gingivitis often leads to dreaded Pyorrhea, with its loosened teeth, which only your dentist can help. See him every 3 months. Then at home there's—

**No Better Way To Help
Guard Against Gingivitis**

Massage your gums and brush teeth twice daily with Forhan's—the toothpaste known *first* for massaging gums to be firmer—more able to ward off infection and for cleaning teeth to their natural sparkling beauty.

Forhan's—formula of Dr. R. J. Forhan—even helps remove acid film that so often starts tooth decay. So start using Forhan's *today!* At all drug and dept. stores.

use
Forhan's
with massage

FOR FIRMER GUMS—CLEANER TEETH

GLAMOUR GIRLS... WATCH OUT!!! *Shirley!*

Here comes Shirley!

She can cut a rug...she's hep to the jive...and how she drives the boys wild! Shirley's the smooth, snazzy, sensational Queen of the 'Teens...in the brightest hit she's ever been in!



Watch for an important announcement about "MISS ANNIE ROONEY" from a leading theatre in your city.

EDWARD SMALL presents
SHIRLEY TEMPLE
as
'Miss Annie Rooney'

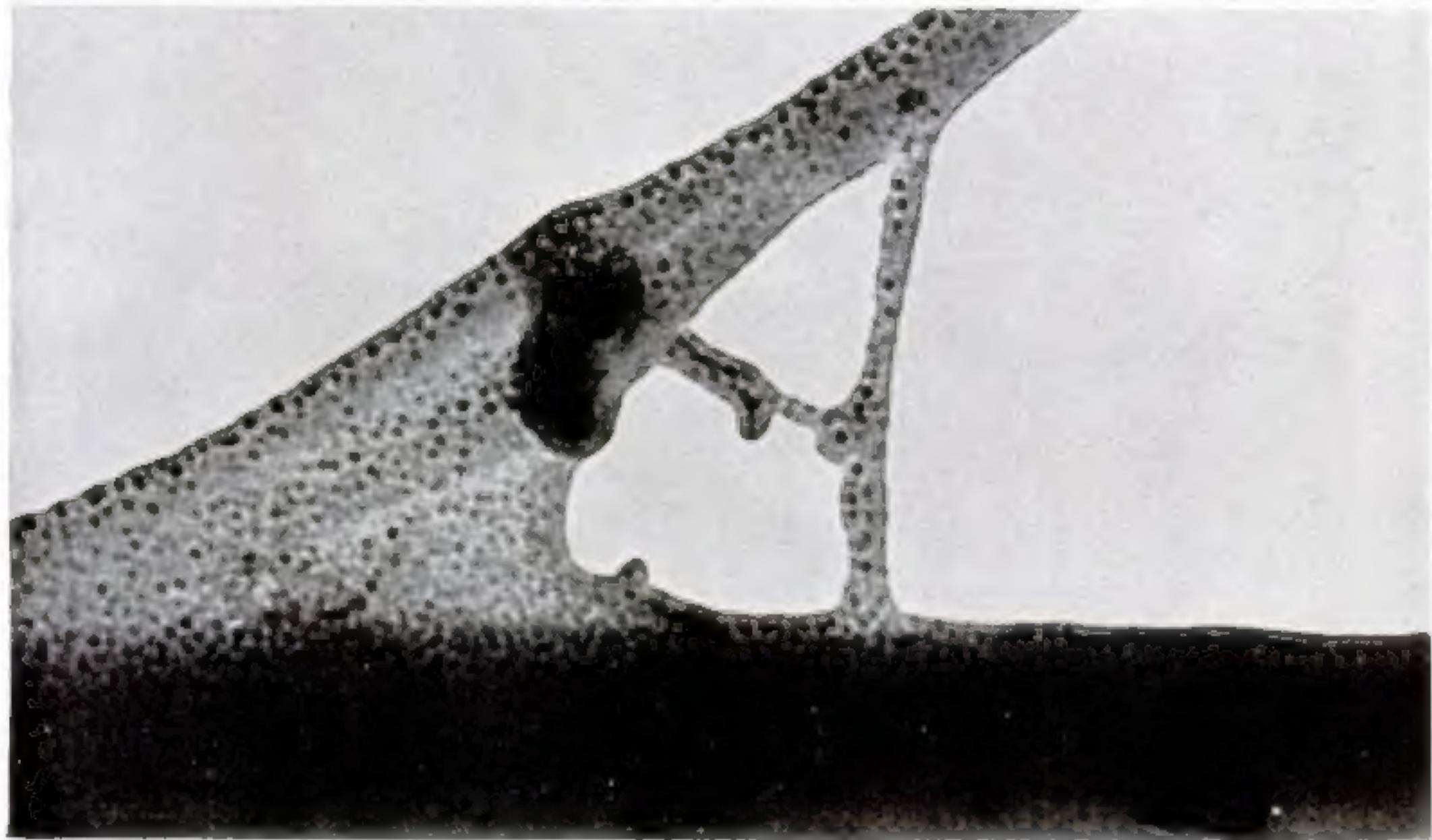
with WILLIAM GUY DICKIE
GARGAN · KIBBEE · MOORE

Directed by EDWIN L. MARIN · Original Screenplay by
GEORGE BRUCE · Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

SPEAKING OF PICTURES . . .

. . . GLIMPSES OF AN UNKNOWN WORLD ARE REVEALED BY THE ELECTRON MICROSCOPE

A THREADLET OF SYNTHETIC RUBBER, ENLARGED 140,000 TIMES, REVEALS TINY DOTS, NATURE OF WHICH IS STILL A MYSTERY



SMOKE ACTUALLY CONSISTS OF MINUTE CRYSTALS. THESE PARTICLES OF ZINC-OXIDE SMOKE ARE ENLARGED 45,000 TIMES



IF THIS JAGGED CINDER WERE REDUCED 32,000 TIMES IT WOULD THEN BE RECOGNIZABLE AS A FRAGMENT OF FACE POWDER



The pictures here are visible proof that man has taken another breathless plunge in his endless descent into the hidden crannies of the universe. They are taken by the newly developed electron microscope, a formidable instrument which bears about the same relationship to an ordinary light microscope as the light microscope does to a child's magnifying glass. Its power is breathtaking. If a human hair six inches long were

SECTION OF WINDPIPE OF A MOSQUITO LARVA LOOKS



PARTICLES OF ALUMINUM-OXIDE SMOKE ARE REVEALED



MAN SAW VIRUSES FOR THE FIRST TIME THROUGH



subjected to the same enlargement as the top picture on the left, it would appear to be an enormous cable 30 ft. thick and over 18 miles long. A single droplet of water, so magnified, would seem to overflow a swimming pool.

The explanation of this terrific increase in magnifying power, when the best light microscopes have been shackled for years at their present levels, lies in the

use of electrons as a light source instead of light itself. It is known that light travels in waves of about $1/42,000$ of an inch in length and that objects must be at least half as long as a light wave before they can be seen. If they are smaller than this, they reflect no light and remain invisible. It is down in this unlit world of viruses and phages, organisms so minute that no scientist had the slightest notion as to what they looked like,

that the electron microscope now peers. The electron waves used today are only $1/80,000$ the length of visible light waves. If shorter ones can be controlled tomorrow it will be theoretically possible to distinguish the structures of molecules and even atoms. A detailed explanation of how the electronic principle works may be found in a book, *The Electron Microscope*, recently published by Reinhold Publishing Corp. of New York.

LIKE A BAMBOO JUNGLE IF MAGNIFIED 14,000 TIMES



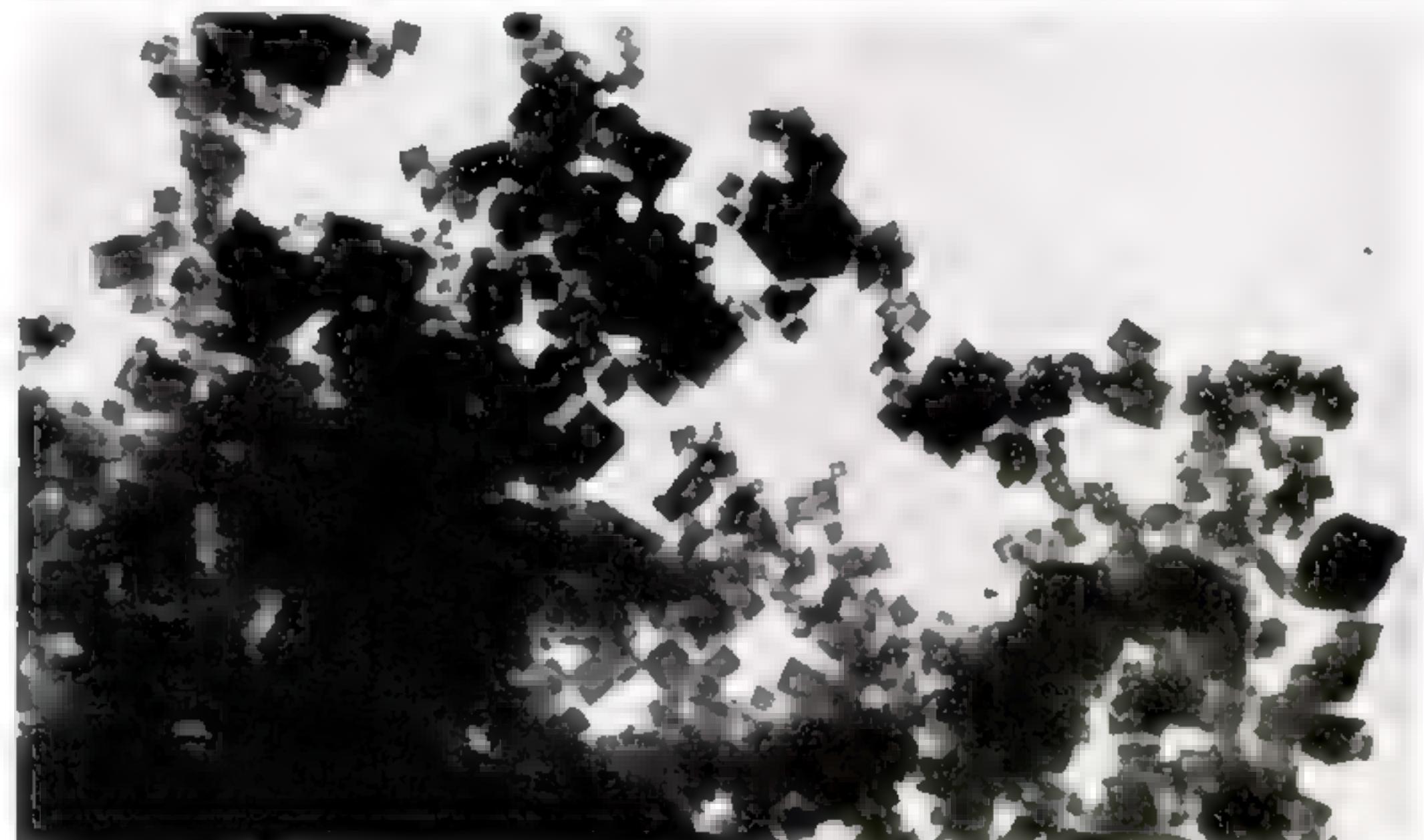
BUTTERFLY-WING SCALE IS LATTICEWORK OF DELICATELY FORMED MEMBRANES WITH TINY HOOKS. AT 20,000 MAGNIFICATION



AS LONG CHAINS OF TINY BALLS. ENLARGED 22,500 TIMES



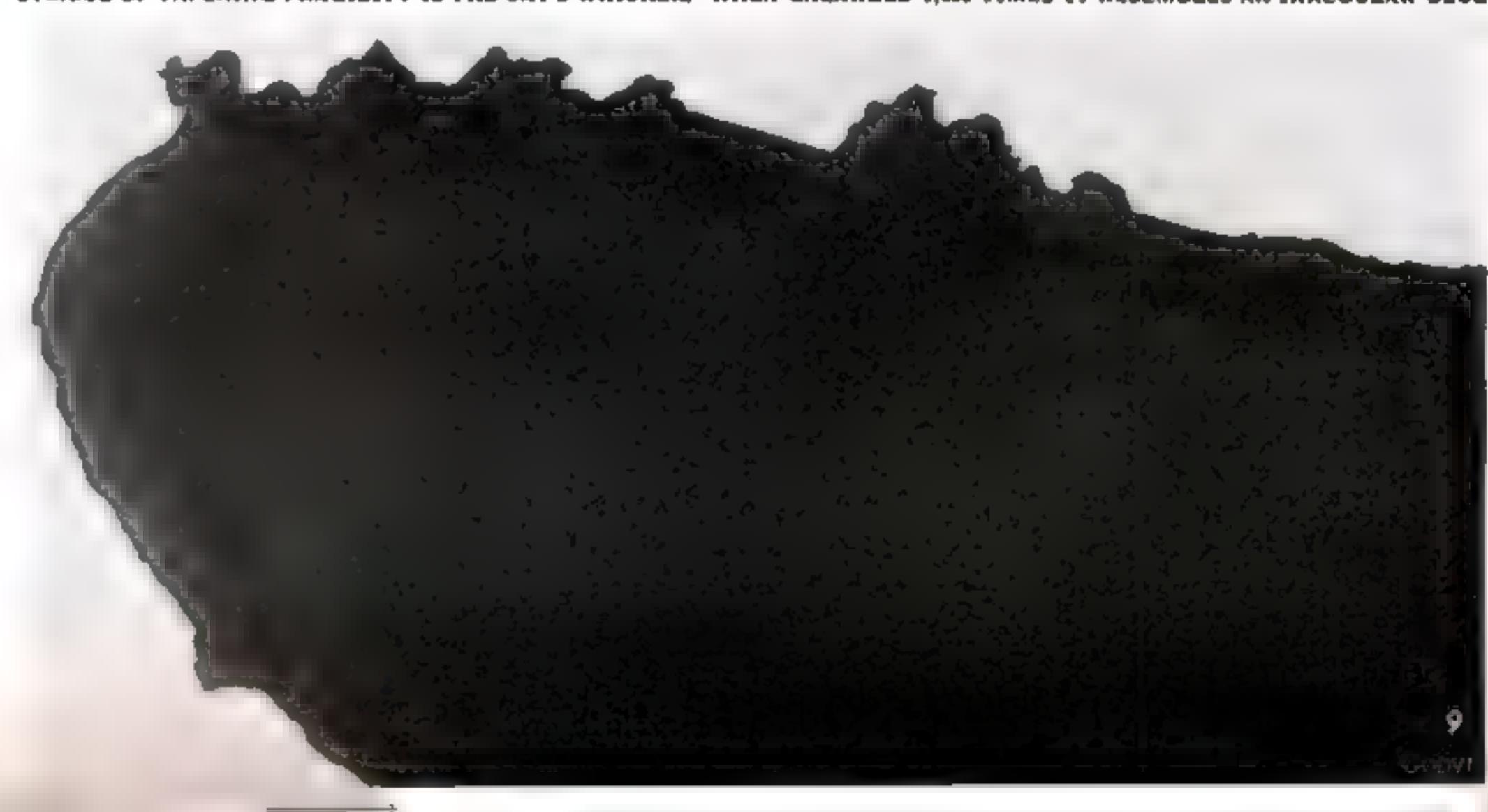
ELECTRON MICROSCOPE SHOWS MAGNESIUM-OXIDE SMOKE TO BE COMPOSED OF PERFECT CUBES VARYING GREATLY IN SIZE



THE ELECTRON MICROSCOPE. THIS IS TOBACCO MOSAIC



SYMBOL OF TAPERING FRAGILITY IS THE CAT'S WHISKER. WHEN ENLARGED 5,000 TIMES IT RESEMBLES AN IRREGULAR CLUB



Uncle Sam has far more

POWER

for War Production



than all these three together!

Adolf, Hirohito and Benito probably aren't sleeping well these nights. They know that America's great and growing war production must inevitably turn the tide against them.

America can do it because America has the *electric power* to do it. Electric power is basic to production. *Electric* power multiplies man-power and drives the machines that make tanks, planes, ships and guns.

How much power has America? More than the three uneasy dictators and all their

conquered countries combined—Albania, Austria, Belgium, Bulgaria and the rest of the long, tragic list. *Five times more* than we had in the last war.

No other nation even *approaches* America's power resources. And this has largely been accomplished the American way—by electric companies owned by millions of Americans and managed by American business men.

The practical experience, the people and the plants of all these companies are

dedicated today to making Uncle Sam so *powerfull* that Axis aggressors will soon be nothing more than three busts in the Hall of Infamy!

THIS PAGE SPONSORED BY A GROUP OF 65
**ELECTRIC COMPANIES* UNDER
AMERICAN BUSINESS MANAGEMENT**

*Names on request from this magazine. Not listed for lack of space

INVEST IN AMERICA! BUY WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

(continued)



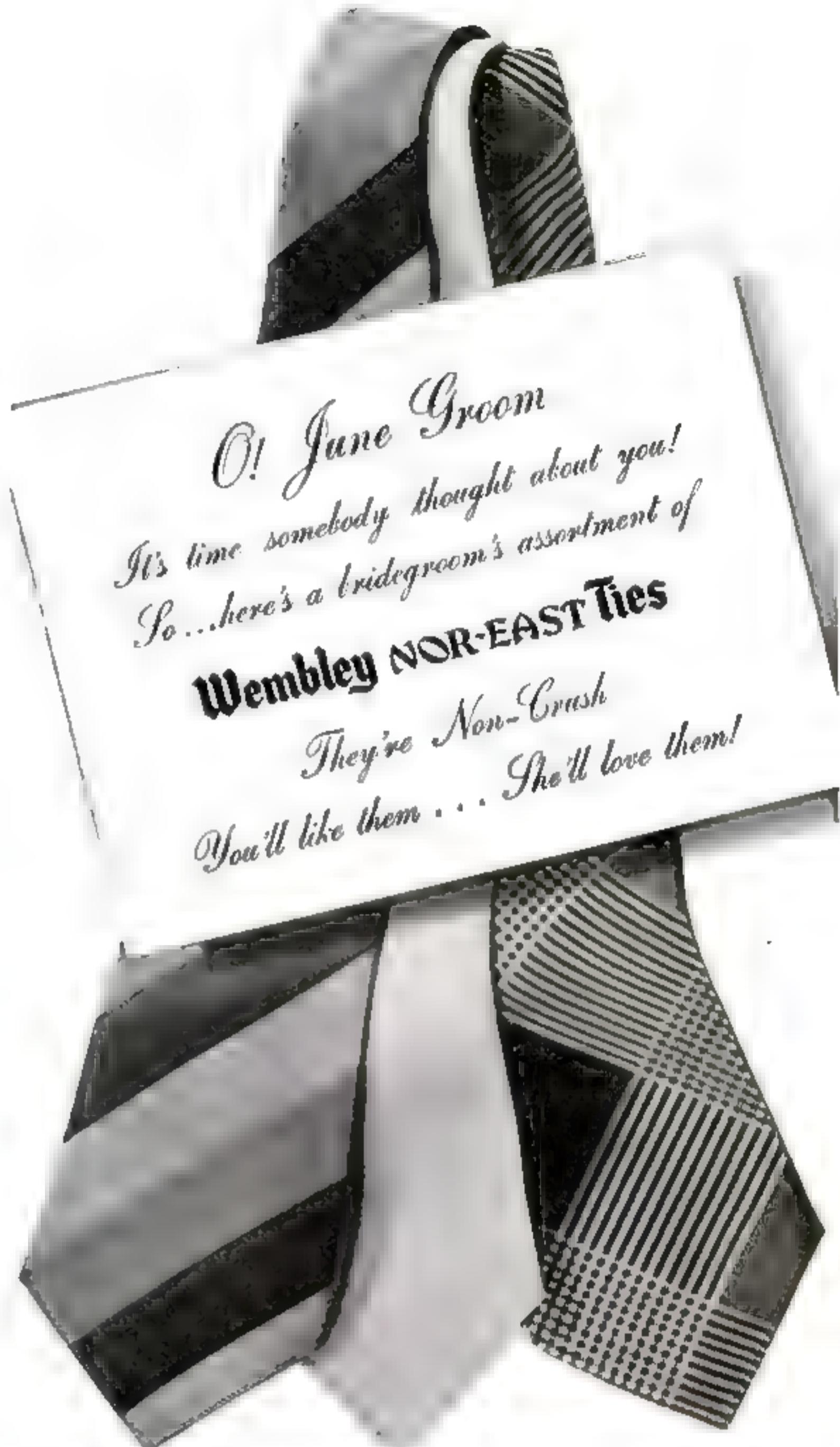
These three pictures of the same razor-blade edge clearly illustrate relative powers of the human eye (top), light microscope (middle), and electron microscope (bottom).



Enlarged 560 times by light microscope, blade edge is still comparatively smooth. Portion of blade shown here is indicated by width of vertical white line in top picture.



Enlarged 8,500 times by electron microscope, great peaks and valleys are revealed in blade edge. Black wedge in central picture indicates the width of section shown here.



Club Stripes

Bold stripes are always smart. Wembley shows triple-tone combinations featuring Military Tans and bright Metal-tones.

Rich-tone Solids

You'll like Hawaii Tan, Bali Bronze and Nassau Blue — sure to be right with the newest suits and shirts at your men's shop.

Sport Plaids

Here are ties specially planned for wear with sport-coats. See these new plaids in strong contrasting colors.

They're almost as enduring as true love!

The imported Priestley Nor-East fabric fights wrinkles, ties easily and smoothly time after time. Pack up Wembley Nor-East Ties and start your travels—they'll come up smiling, good looking, wrinkle free!

To be sure it's a genuine Non-Crush tie, look for the Wembley Nor-East label.

\$1
All

Crush it!

Twist it!

Knot it!

Not a wrinkle!





YEHUDI MENUHIN AND HIS STRADIVARIUS. THIS IRREPLACEABLE VIOLIN WAS MADE BY ANTONIO STRADIVARI IN CREMONA, ITALY, IN 1733 FOR JUST SUCH AN ARTIST.

CARE OF "STRADIVARIUS" POINTS UP LESSONS IN WARTIME CONSERVATION

The precious violin played by world-fame Yehudi Menuhin—above—which has started millions on the concert stage now gives Mrs. Alice A. Johnson a lesson in wartime economy. It demonstrates the effectiveness of Johnson's Wax in protecting objects from time and wear. Johnson's Wax is used to preserve the intricate sound tone curving around the ornish on Menuhin's 260-year-old Stradivarius. And Johnson's Wax is so easily and inexpensively applied to surfaces that the same protection which is given to cherished treasures can also be freely used throughout the home to safeguard floors, furniture, woodwork and scores of other articles. Home furniture replacement, many of the pictures on these two pages suggest how Mrs. Alice Johnson is using Johnson's Wax Paste in fulfillment of OPA's Conservation Victory Program.



Konrad Warren, violin restorer, Konrad Warren, Rare Violin Dealer, Chicago, preserves the surface of instruments with Johnson's Wax.



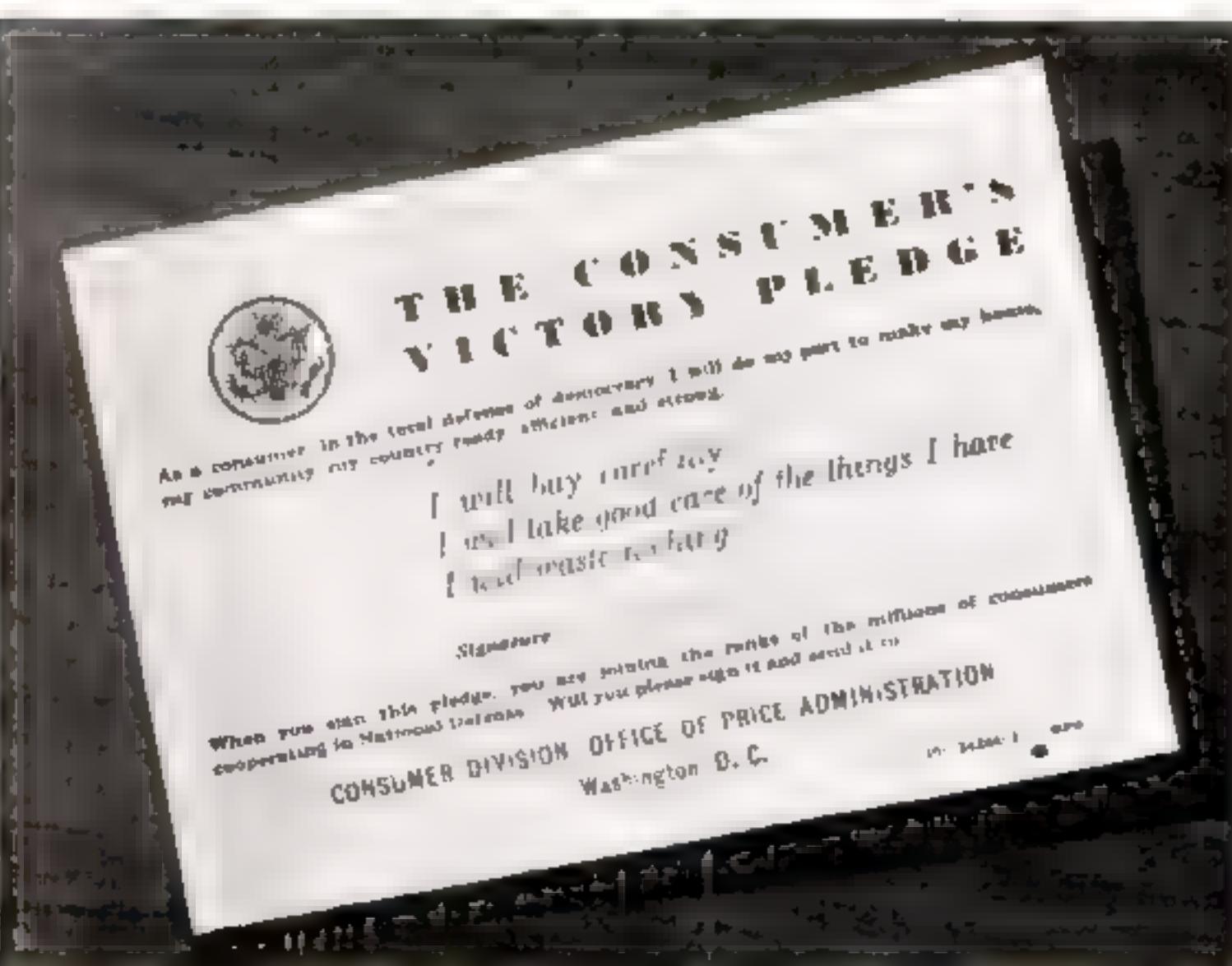
Make things last, go without replacements, urges the Government at this time. Johnson's Wax in paste or liquid form, protects and beautifies floors and woodwork, preserves valuable things which are costly, now even impossible to replace.



War-minded women can share in the country's big conservation job . . . lengthen the life of their furniture and enhance its looks by polishing it regularly with J. Johnson's Cream Wax. U. S. factories must build airplanes, not housefurnishings, in 1942.



Floor linoleum especially must be cared for. Tests indicate that it can be made to last six to ten times longer by the use of Johnson's Self-Polishing Go-C-out. No buffing is needed when Go-C-out is applied—it shines as it dries. And spills, stains, wipe up easily.



U. S. Government's Consumer Victory Pledge is being signed by thousands of women who are determined to fight the war successfully on the home front. If forms are not available locally, cut out above pledge, sign, mail it to OPA, Washington.

"What Else Can I Do?"

Three Ways Every Woman Can Help



Guard against loose talk, especially in restaurants, clubs, street cars or other public places. Don't repeat the smallest scrap of information that might give aid or comfort to the enemy. In particular, don't listen to rumors or spread them. Your patriotic silence may save American lives.



Take better care of your household equipment by cleaning and oiling, or servicing it regularly. Many labor-saving devices such as sewing machines, floor waxes, washing machines, food mixers, etc. are no longer being manufactured and must be made to last out the duration.



To conserve on cars, tires and motor fuel, use one car for several persons when shopping or making trips to town. Another way to conserve your car is to protect the finish against deterioration by cleaning it regularly with J. Johnson's Carna . . . which cleans and polishes in one application.



33 Fine Brews Blended into One Great Beer

LIFE'S REPORTS

"KILL OR BE KILLED"

by ROBERT SHERROD

Somewhere in Australia (by cable)

In the U. S. Army Air Forces there are essentially only two combat classifications: pursuit and bombardment. There's usually a vast difference between the men manning these two types of ships—something like the difference between a greyhound and a great Dane. The bombardment men are likely to be seasoned veterans with many hundreds of hours flying time. Many went through the Philippines and Java campaigns. On the other hand, the pursuit pilots are those grinning harum-scarum kids who face death with a yippee and hurrah. Their average age is 23. Most have just finished flying school. They've got more guts than anybody else on earth. They fly planes—American planes, mind you—which are inferior in some ways to those the little yellow Japs fly. The other day seven of our P-39's surrounded one Zero. The Jap simply zoomed straight up and out of sight. Our Airacobras simply didn't have the stuff to catch him.

There's no use getting mad about it now. Our plane designer's simply guessed wrong. We know better now, of course, and we know we'll have newer planes over here in quantity. Meanwhile, every American should pay reverent tribute to our kids who are flying the Kittyhawks and Airacobras. Despite disadvantages, they are more than holding their own. They've knocked down three or four slippery Zeros for every plane they've lost in combat. They know that they are better fliers than the Japs and often one of them says wistfully, "Boy, what we couldn't do to them if we had Zeros."

The pursuit pilot is an individualist. Whereas the Flying Fortress, for example, carries a nine-man crew and every man's life is dependent on the exacting team-work performance of every other man in the plane, the pursuer flies alone. Actually, he is simply riding on a single engine mounted with guns. In the last analysis his life depends on his own skill and quick thinking. If he gets shot down, it's his own neck and not the necks of eight other men.

These clean unsophisticated lads lack one thing as they approach battle for the first time: the killer instinct. They have been brought up as most Americans to love their fellow men. It's not natural for them to want to kill anybody.

That's where Buzz Wagner comes in. Boyd David Wagner of Johnstown, Pa., is, at 23, the youngest lieutenant colonel in the U. S. Army. He is the No. 1 American Ace of this war thus far. He has destroyed somewhere between 30 and 50 Jap planes and the number of Japs he has killed runs into hundreds. He was the first U. S. pursuit pilot to win the Distinguished Service Cross.

"Buzz Wagner is a one-man air force," says the Air Forces brigadier general. I've yet to find a pursuit pilot who doesn't say that Wagner is America's No. 1 pursuer. An Aircobra pilot, just returned from a dogfight the other day, paid Wagner a pursuer's highest tribute: "Buzz is an H. P." [hot pilot].

Wagner's parents are good, middle-class Americans, his father an electrician specializing in coal-mining apparatus, and despite his name, Buzz figures he's only about $\frac{1}{16}$ German. Studying aeronautical engineering at the University of Pittsburgh, Buzz, at the end of his third year, had become so fascinated with airplanes he decided to learn to fly one. Ten days after leaving college he was at Randolph Field, Texas. His engineering training was, and is, priceless. "I am an engineer," he still insists.

When the war started, Buzz was commanding a squadron of P-40's at Nichols Field near Manila. His first contact with the enemy occurred after the Japs landed at Aparri. Of this first encounter Buzz says: "The only impression I can remember is the awful destructive powers of my guns. I didn't know what a terrific weapon I was flying around." That day Lieutenant Wagner shot down two Zero planes in

the air and destroyed twelve on the ground. A few days later, he and his best friend, Russ Church, attacked 30 Jap bombers lined up at Vigan. Still later Wagner's depleted squadron sank three small transports with their pursuit planes by the simple expedient of flying over them and again letting go with all guns. Some other experiences: throwing hand grenades from the cockpit and carrying 50-lb. bombs in their laps.

The U. S. pursuers' small band in the Philippines couldn't expect to last long, especially after losing so many planes during the first few days of war. General MacArthur decided to send his pursuit fliers to Australia to fetch more planes. There they lingered until the Battle of Java. Finally, a few planes arrived in time to take off for Java. Squadron Leaders Buzz Wagner and Charles (Bud) Sprague of Connecticut flipped a coin to see who would lead the squadron to the fighting in the Indies. One of the two had to stay in Australia and start a pursuit school. Captain Wagner lost. Bud Sprague went to the Indies. He is missing, a victim of the Jap's southward surge.

With the arrival of American pursuit planes in Australia, first in a trickle, then in an encouraging stream, Buzz Wagner was put to teaching green kids how to fight the Japs. It was a difficult assignment for handsome, black-haired Wagner. He'd never been cut out for teaching, but he put all he had into it.

Wagner's lecture usually began with the admonition that pilots would find fighting the Japs far different from learning to fly trainer planes. "You might as well make up your minds in advance that the Zero is a hell of a good airplane. You've got to be smarter than the Japs," he told the fledgling fliers. Wagner showed his pupils how to make a quick pass and then out-dive the more maneuverable Japs. He taught them how to use the sun to best advantage, how to judge the ability of an enemy pilot by the way he dips his wings. "Pursuit flying is a science," he would say, "but once you get in battle you'll find instinct plays just as big a part as science."

Climax of the speech Buzz made in the hangars and under the eucalyptus trees before the intent squadron kids all over Australia was about the necessity of killing. "You've got to get in there and kill the Jap or he'll kill you. Go into battle prepared to kill. You'd better get out of your minds any idea that flying planes is sport. You've got to spread all the death you can, and there's plenty of it in your guns."

"Buzz Wagner is a killer," says one of his old Philippine squadron mates. "He's like Jack Dempsey must have been in his prime, except Jack Dempsey never killed anybody and Buzz has killed plenty. He relishes killing Japs—he's got killer instinct to a greater degree than anybody I've ever known. Tie up Buzz's hatred for the Japs and his natural killer instinct with the fact that he's the finest flier any of us have ever seen, and you see why we all think he's the best pursuit pilot in the world."

When he's not traveling around Australia lecturing novitiates or making inspection trips Lieutenant Colonel Wagner lives at an advanced Allied air base and works at a bare desk at headquarters. His title there is Director of Pursuit for that area. He is a modest fellow, who drinks moderately and plays poker badly.

Theoretically, Buzz Wagner isn't supposed to do much flying. During a dogfight in the Philippines a Jap Zero shattered his windshield

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



BUZZ WAGNER HERE A LIEUTENANT, IS NOW A LIEUT. COLONEL



DEB SHINES AT DEFENSE DUTIES

Sparkles on Dates

Lovely Vera Henderson, Philadelphia deb, devotes herself to civilian defense, makes bandages for emergencies. Vera says: "Keeping my complexion bright is easy with a Woodbury Facial Cocktail." Famous Woodbury Facial Soap is a true skin soap; contains a costly ingredient for mildness. Even delicate skin takes to its gentle cleansing. Try Woodbury!



1. Asked by Cholly Knickerbocker (Maury Paul), society reporter, about her beauty secret, Vera said: "I smooth on a creamy lather of Woodbury Soap to quickly banish dirt."



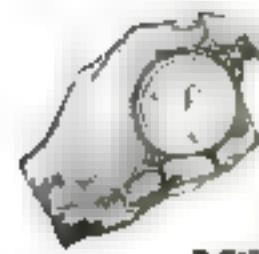
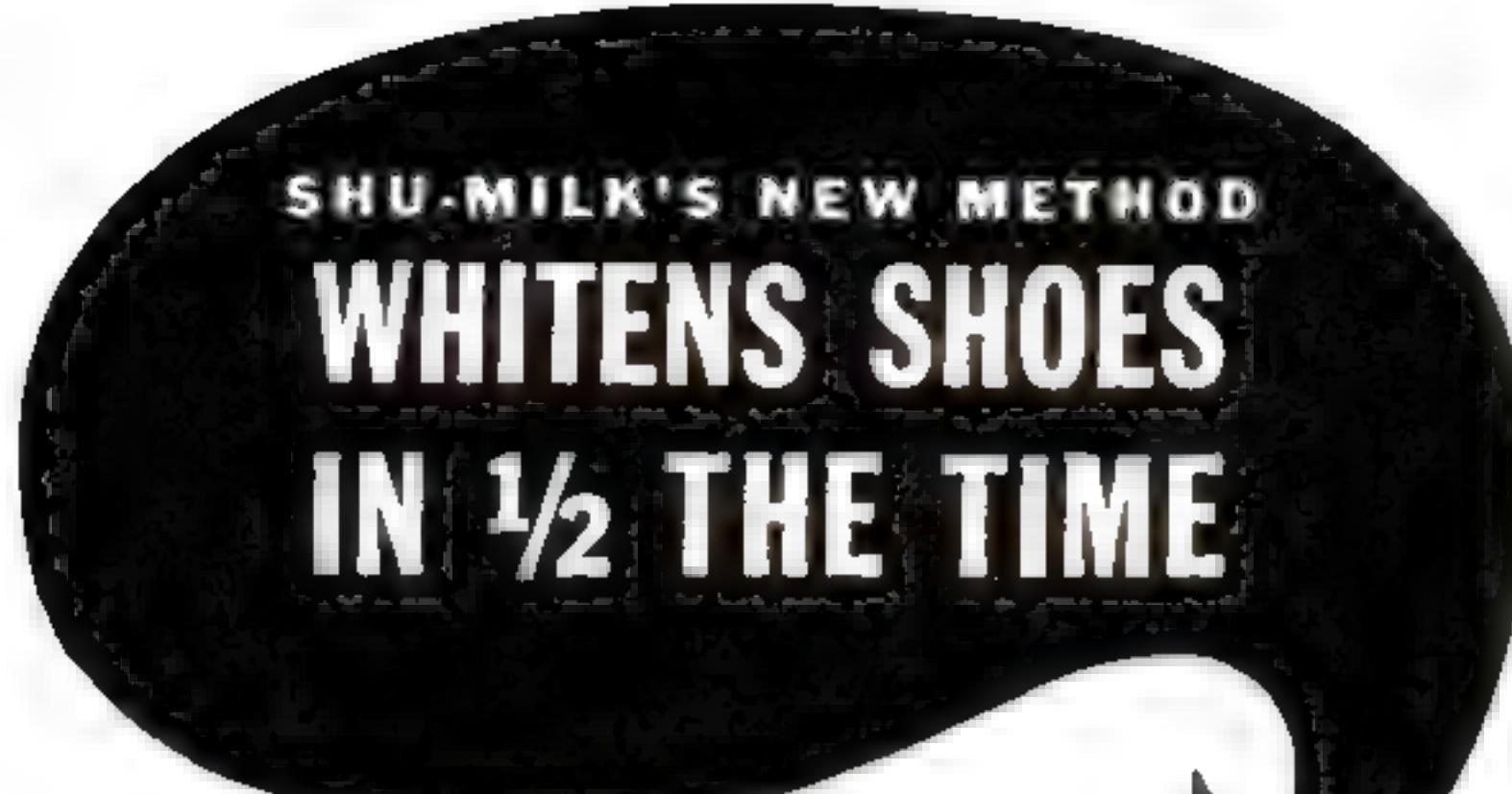
2. "After a thorough cleansing, I douse on warm water, then splash my skin with cold. There's never the least irritation from Woodbury's lather. It's the mildest soap that I know."



3. Evenings at the service clubs are more fun than stuffy society formals, Vera contends. "The men pay me endless compliments about my skin. How much I owe to Woodbury!"



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LIFE'S REPORTS

(continued)

and sent a sliver of glass into one eye. He thinks his eyes are OK now but he isn't supposed to fly much. However, three weeks ago he flew up to a secret operational base on an inspection trip. A new squadron of U. S. pilots whom Wagner had been teaching was going out immediately for a first crack at the enemy, pilots whom Wagner had been teaching. He couldn't resist. He jumped into a plane and led the flight. The squadron destroyed 15 Jap bombers on the ground at Lac and shot up a gasoline dump. Then Zeros attacked. "They scared hell outa' me," says Buzz. "Four of our pilots got into the damnedest dogfight I've ever seen. They would roll down the beach all tangled up, then would come rolling back from the other direction for three or four miles, looking like one big tumbleweed. You know, I was awfully proud of these new boys. They came down saying, 'Just let us get another crack at those bastards!' That day Wagner got three Zeros.

Most important moments in the lives of pursuit pilots, says Wagner, are their first two or three fights. Pilots who have been through those first fights rarely get shot down during other portions of their natural lives. Once a man has been in the air against the enemy, he is a veteran forevermore. During those early fights they learn the most important lesson: kill or be killed, and never thereafter is there doubt in their minds that they are at war. Pilots are not particularly scared during their first fight—few of them remember anything except the first shots they fire and the last before landing. A man is naturally scared before and after, but apparently during the danger he reverts to pure instinct.

"I've got no doubts about the courage of our boys" says Buzz Wagner. "After all, they've got more to fight for than anybody else on the earth." We're developing other Buzz Wagners over here now and nobody doubts that 500 Buzz Wagners, leading 500 squadrons, in 500 superior planes such as America can produce, will smash anything the Axis can put in the skies.

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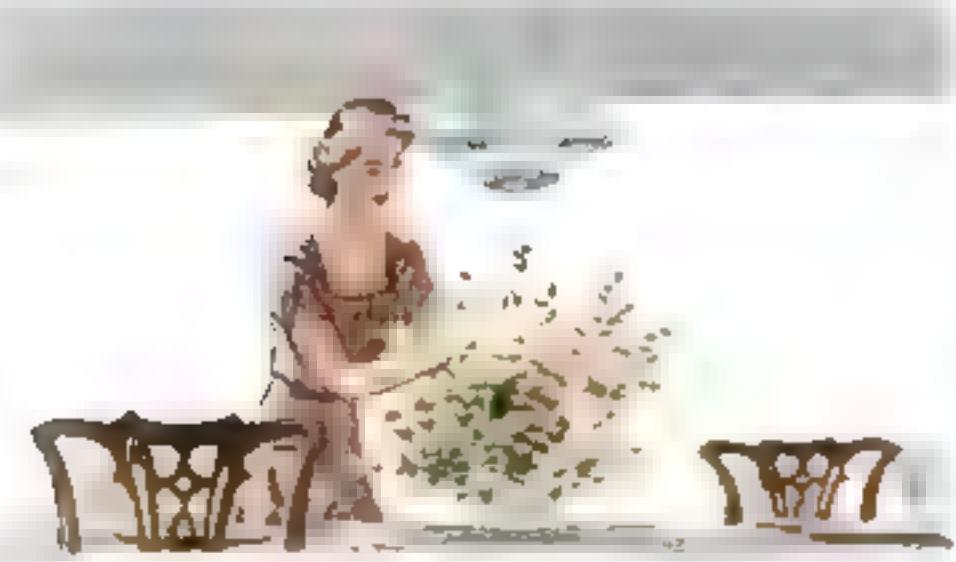


What's the Secret? Why, on the same Summer day, should the gentleman on the right look so smart, immaculate and cool . . . while his friend is rumpled, hot and untidy? The former is one of those well-groomed men who invariably select a suit of *CORONADO cloth . . . the ingenious fabric woven with thousands of tiny air pores which assist nature to evaporate body moisture. The skin breathes! Yes, sir, the man stays cool!

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 - to knot a friendship, to sweeten a memory, to brighten a day and make it sing...

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And don't ever let distance hold you back. Flowers can be sent anywhere—just around the corner, clear across the country, to Canada, even to faraway lands.



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2. Tell him you want to send flowers *by wire*. He does the rest.
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WHEN YOUR HEART SAYS "REMEMBER"
"Say it with Flowers"

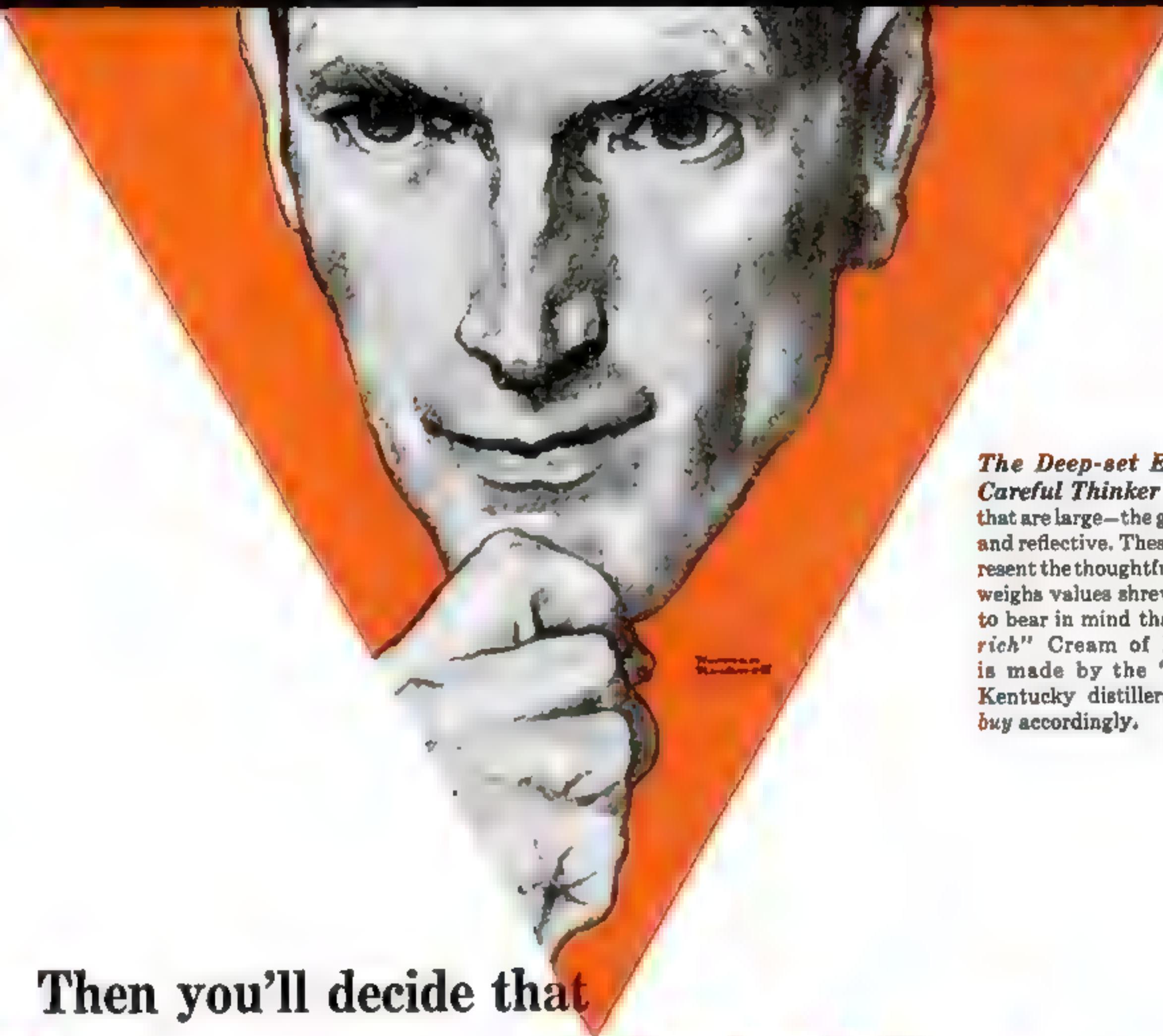
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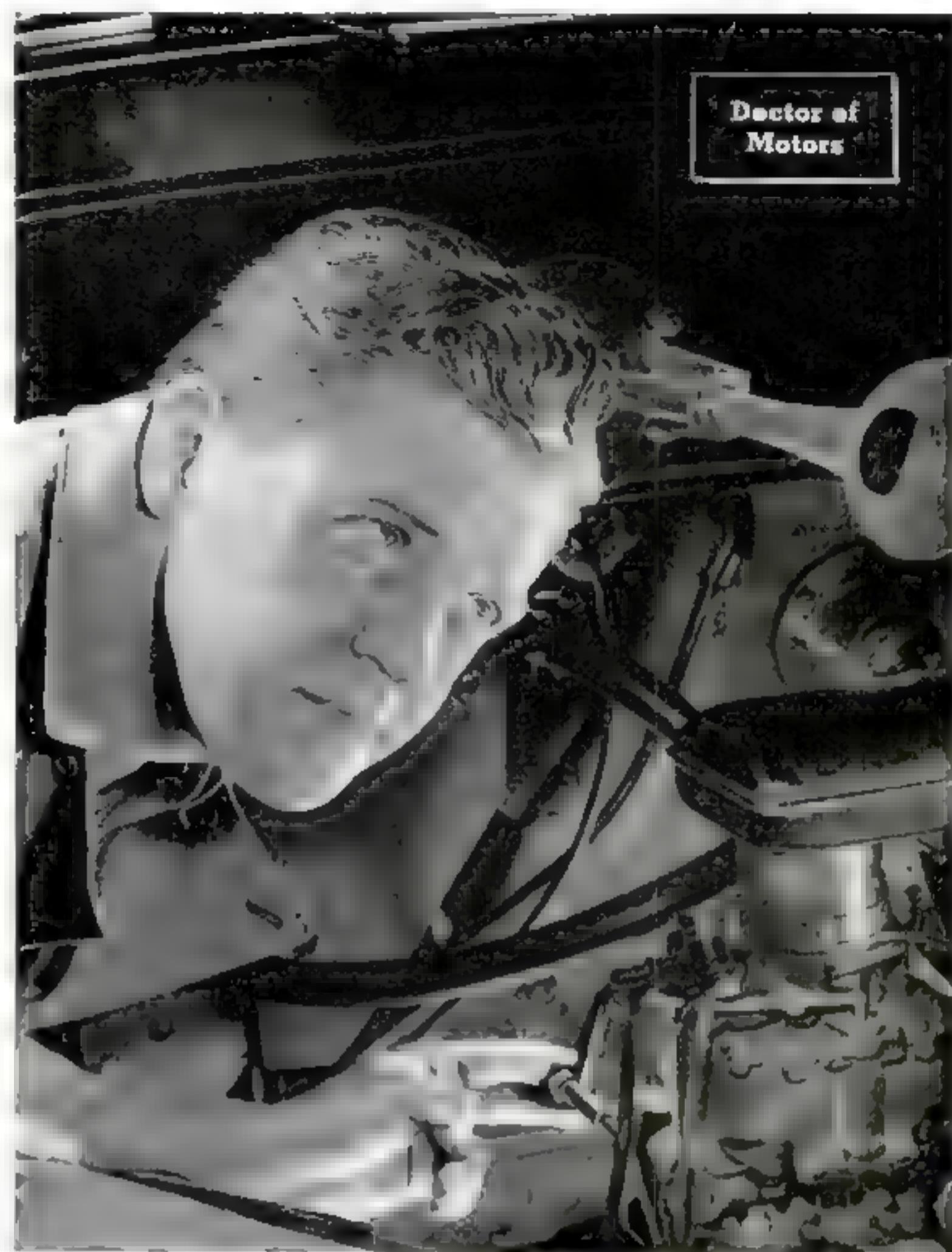
Hans Wild, who photographed bombed Bath (pages 24-25) and the enthroned Archbishop of Canterbury (pages 34-35) in this issue, is an English conscientious objector who takes terrible chances on the job and in Bath nearly fell through the charred floor of the Assembly Rooms. When war came in 1939, he was working in England for the German firm that makes Leica cameras. He first worked for LIFE in London as darkroom manager.

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NAZI BOMB DEMOLISHES THE FRANCIS HOTEL ON BATH'S QUEEN'S SQUARE, BUT FAILS TO SHAKE DOWN THE CHERRY BLOSSOMS. SOME DEAD STILL LIE IN THE HOTEL'S RUINS

THE SPRING BRINGS BOMBS WITH BLOSSOMS

As the rosy cherry blossoms garlanded April 1942, the great spring bombings got under way over England, Germany and Japan. The terrible wind the Germans had sowed in 1940 and 1941 returned now as a whirlwind. On the four nights of April 23-26, the R.A.F. delivered against the German city of Rostock on the Baltic the heaviest concentration of bombs ever thrown at Germany. The Baltic port of Lubeck had been similarly plastered a month before. The damage to these two cities is shown on pages 26 and 27.

These British bombings threw Adolf Hitler into a strangled rage. His spokesman had said in February, "The bombing of British towns is simply not worth while. No British airaction against German towns can entice Germany into reprisals." Now Hitler ranted, "I shall from now on retaliate, blow for blow." His spokesman explained how. "Our art connoisseurs know the English *Baedeker* [tourist guide] thoroughly. They know where all the historic Tudor houses are, the exact position of Canterbury, where the spas are

situated, and most of the famous castles of the nobility." Thus began the "Baedeker raids" on England.

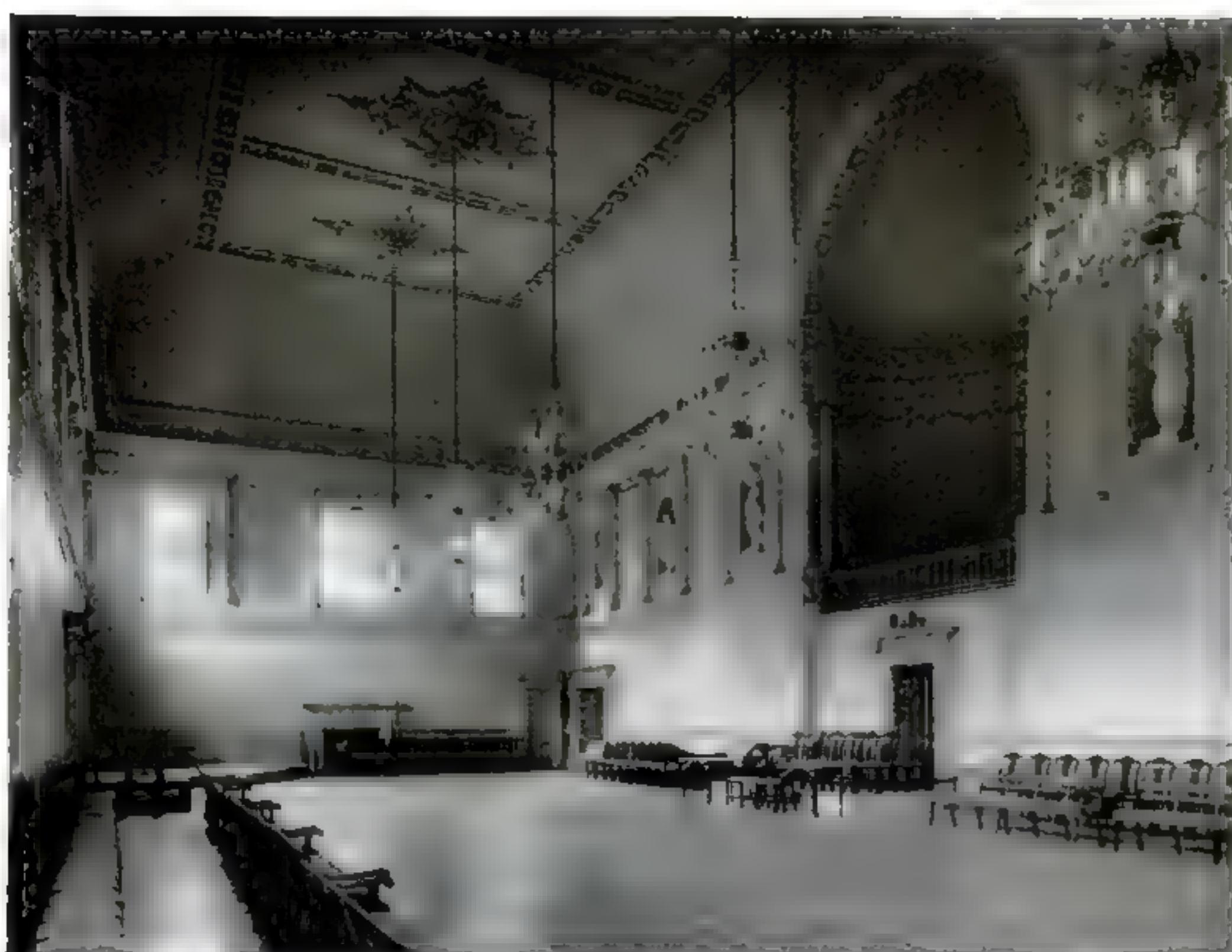
The first "spa" chosen for this ruthless reprisal, so fatal to the winning of wars, was the finest Georgian city in England, the lovely town of Bath. Its injuries are shown above and on pages 24 and 25.

And on the other side of the world, in Japan, dowered also with cherry blossoms, a sudden and amazing rain of bombs took the Japanese by surprise. The men who dropped them are shown on pages 28 and 29.

HITLER'S SPITE BOMBING HITS 18TH CENTURY BATH

Bath, the city Hitler set out to destroy just because it is beautiful and historic, began its great age at almost precisely the hour that England began to rule the world. Its medieval springs had made it a resort since the days of the Romans. But in 1700 it was a dirty, rowdy town where both sexes bathed together naked and the onlookers tossed dead dogs, live pigs and one another into the muddy baths. The great promoter-gambler, Beau Nash, made it for 100 years the center of fashion for England and the world. While other Englishmen were fighting the wars that built the British Empire, the ladies and gentlemen of quality gambled, danced, bathed and strutted at Bath. Here went General Wolfe before he conquered Canada, Clive after he won India, Marlborough, Burgoyne, Cornwallis, Nelson, Pitt, Burke, Chesterfield, Hogarth, Pope and the fictional characters, Mr. Pickwick and Monsieur Beauchare.

In the noble Assembly Room (left) built by John Wood Jr. in 1771 and opened with a special ode by Sheridan, this world of great men and fops, duchesses and coquettes, played through the historic years. Used as a motion picture theater and, during World War I, as an aviators' school mess hall, it had been refurbished and reopened in 1938. As seen at the lower left, its destruction was the chief result of the German Luftwaffe's "Baedeker raid" of April 25 and 26.

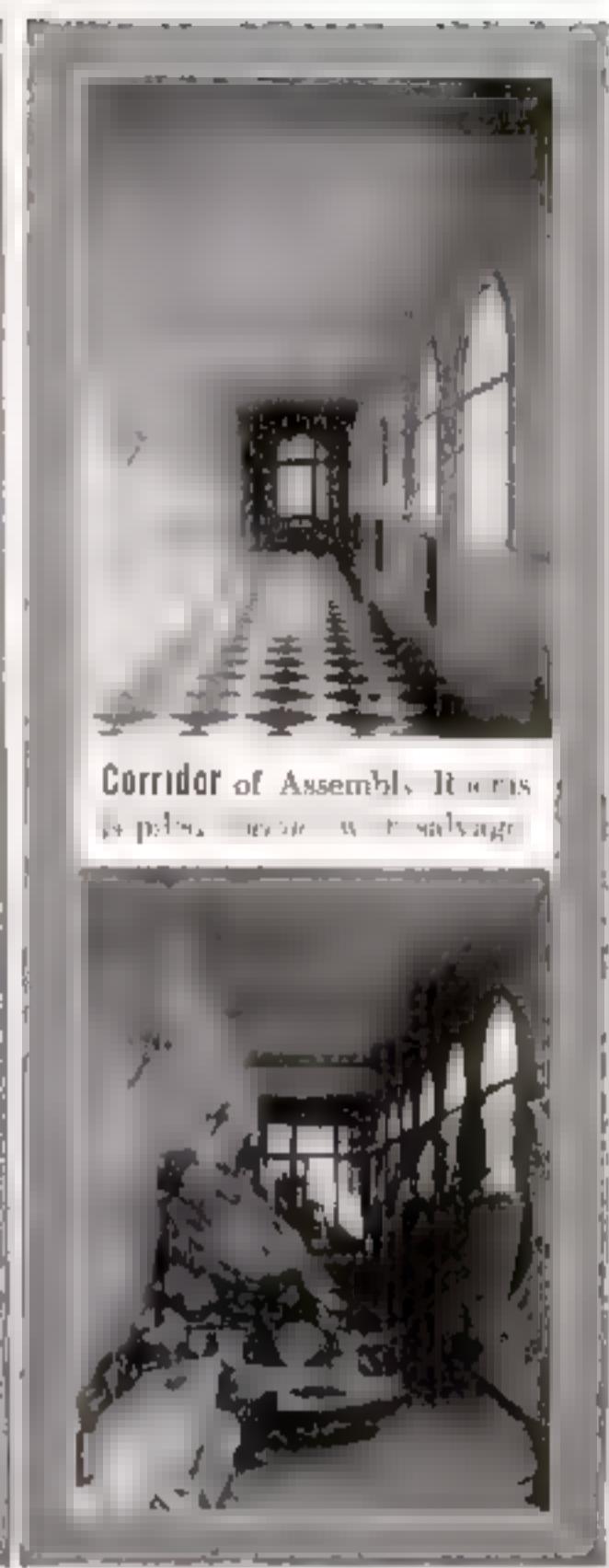


Ballroom of Bath's famous Assembly Rooms still had old chandeliers and the rich Georgian plasterwork. Here the great of

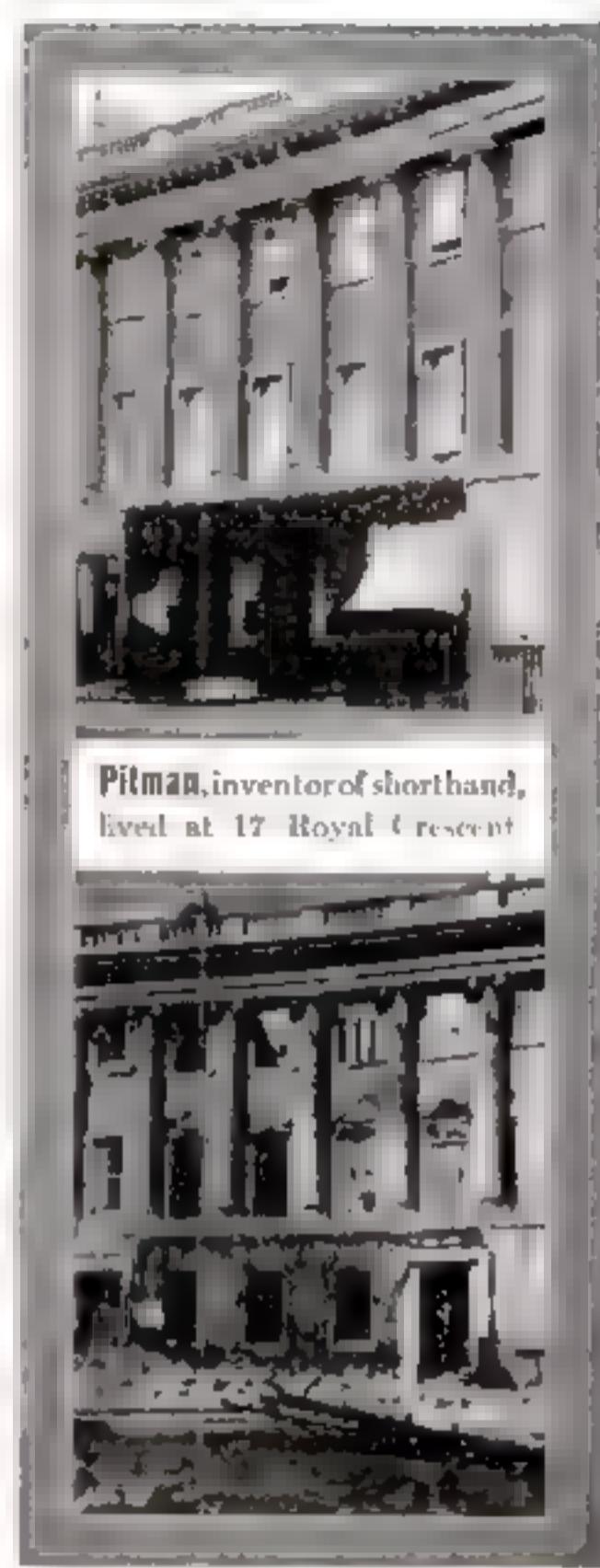
the past had afternoon tea and started dancing at 6 p.m. Notice how spacious room looks compared with its shell (below).

BALLROOM WHERE BRITAIN'S FOUNDERS DANCED IS NOW A BLACKENED SHELL. LOOKING ODDLY SMALL AND NARROW. COMPARE WINDOWS AND HEARTH WITH THE PICTURE ABOVE





Corridor of Assembly. It was a public service w/ salvage.



Pitman, inventor of shorthand, lived at 17 Royal Crescent.



Bath Chair, invented for Bath's invalids, still for hire in Bath before the war, is blitzed outside Assembly Rooms' fine west porch. The "Chairmen" were Bath's most notorious. Rear: bombed Magna Hotel.

AT THE ELEGANT ROYAL CRESCENT, TRIUMPH OF ARCHITECTS JOHN WOOD SR. AND JR., GOT WASTED BOMB IN THE OPEN, INCENDIARIES AT NOS. 2 AND 17. PAVEMENT IS 18TH CENTURY





Spring Bombings (continued)

R. A. F. CONCENTRATES HEAVY BOMBING ON



Rostock and Lübeck (above and left) are the last bombing goals the British have taken since the Paris Renault tank factory. On both cities they concentrate for several successive nights. Below the picture of Lübeck a little fine where a flat wire line of course was bent caused dark space. That space is filled and burned out. Houses stand in a ring like a water wheel.

TWO GERMAN CITIES THAT PRODUCE PLANES AND SUBMARINES TO DESTROY GREAT BRITAIN



longs, growing a stony crop. Most of the area pictured is burned out. The white-flashed patches mean that walls have collapsed. In the picture of Rostock, above, the Heinkel airplane works operate everything shown. Notice that around the paint shop and final assembly plant, upper and lower right, the Germans have put up netting and cloth strips to flatten out the buildings'

shadows and make them less noticeable from the air. Both have been hit by high explosive. On the edge of the airfield, right, above the lower building lie Heinkel 111-k bomber fuselages and completed planes, salvaged from the wreck. More are at the bottom. Below zigzag trenches, upper left, Heinkel buildings have burned out. Protection plants at lower center are untouched.

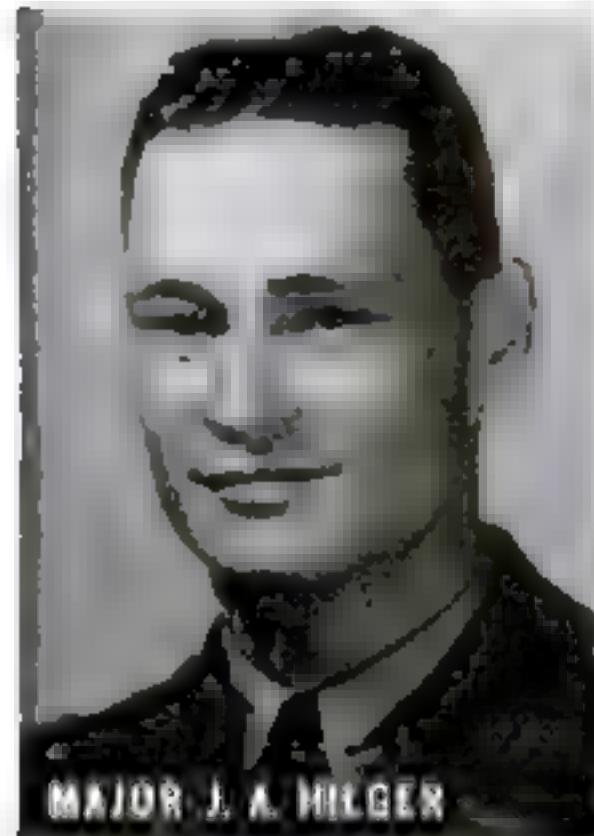
U. S. AWARDS MEDALS TO 80 HEROES OF THE ARMY'S BOMBING RAID ON JAPAN

Here are the faces of Americans who bombed Japan. Opposite you see their leader, Brigadier General James H. Doolittle, who on the morning of April 18 swooped astonishingly down out of the Far Eastern skies at the head of his volunteer squadron and spread destruction along a 40-mile swathe in the very heart of the remote island empire. Where these fliers came from and how they returned from their perilous mission are secrets known to few in the U. S. High Command. But

on May 19, at an unexpected ceremony in the White House, President Roosevelt personally bestowed the Congressional Medal of Honor on General Doolittle and let it be known that Distinguished Service Crosses would be awarded to the 79 airmen who soared with him on his brilliant flight.

With Air Chieftain Arnold and Mrs. Doolittle looking on, the President pinned the emblem of the nation's highest honor on General Doolittle's blouse. An accom-

panying citation emphasized that he had undertaken his task "with the apparent certainty of being forced to land in enemy territory or to perish at sea." But not one of his fast B-25 bombers was shot down or prevented from reaching its destination. "We flew low enough," the flier told newspapermen, "so that we could see the expressions on the faces of the people." "And what was that expression?" he was asked. Replied Hero Doolittle: "It was one, I should say, of intense surprise."



MAJOR J. A. MILNER



CAPT. CHARLES R. GREENING



CAPT. DAVID M. JONES



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President Bush to be presented with Congressional Medal of Honor

Official to be invited to surprise White House

LIFE ON THE NEWSFRONTS OF THE WORLD

Washington Is Fighting a War with Mirrors, Not a People's War

Last week the U. S. got a fine case of Gee Whiz. The symptoms of this altogether American disease are swelling of the head, expansion of the chest, and a rosy rim around the field of vision. Washington got it first and gave it to the rest of the country. It took the form of hints that the war might well be won now, this year, 1942. For some reason Chicago's fever ran highest—even the elevator boys had it, and bets were as thick as Japs in a jungle. Talkative New York taxi drivers, who can spread contagion almost as fast as a government "spokesman," had Hitler down on both shoulders. On Thursday, May 21, the N. Y. stock market boomed. Wire houses put out ridiculous letters recommending the purchase of "peace" stocks as a "hedge." It got so bad that Franklin Roosevelt himself had to throw cold water. He blasted the newspapers for their practice of exaggerating minor good news, warned against over-optimism, said that we were in for a long war.

Sober commentators helped the President with his water-throwing. They admitted that the Axis had been checked for the first time, but pointed out that the fundamental strategic situation had not changed at all. At best, the Coral Sea victory was a hit-and-run affair. Timoshenko was having tough going in his drive on Kharkov. The vital eastern centers of German war industry had not yet been reached by the R. A. F. And while it might be true, as Donald Nelson said, that U. S. war production was now "over the hump," experts knew that much of what is in production is as yet inferior to the best that the Axis has. In the Far East the U. S. faced the greatest catastrophe yet. With Burma gone, China was in awful peril. If it should be felt that the U. S. had let China down the chances of achieving a free and democratic world would be set back decades, if not generations.

War with Mirrors

It began to dawn on a number of Americans that they had been the victims of a mirror trick. Hitler's head hadn't really been chopped off—it only looked that way. As a matter of fact the first series of mirrors was set up by Adolf himself last month, with a long, lugubrious speech to the Reichstag, which was carefully beamed on the U. S. For many weeks a stream of "bad" news has been allowed to leak out of Germany and Italy, culminating last week in a sobbing utterance by the No. 2 German, Hermann Göring. This speech was so "bad" that Propaganda Minister Goebbels cut off all the telephones in Germany to prevent it from leaving the country. But he carefully leaked the news that the telephones had been cut off.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

The economic consequences of the gasoline shortage became visible along the eastern seaboard last week. In Boston, Checker Taxicab Company met

These Axis tricks might not have had such a potent effect on the U. S. if another set of mirrors had not been carefully arranged in Washington. There the idea still prevails that the people must be coddled. Good news is released instantly, bad news withheld. If the U. S. sustained any losses in the Coral Sea the people have yet to hear of them. Instead of hard facts, Americans have had a procession of heroes, brought back from the firing line as exhibits of American courage. These boys will do anything for their country, even the distasteful job of parading in public, but Washington must know that each new appearance inflates American pride at the expense of a realistic knowledge of the dreadful task that faces us. Gee Whiz reached its climax when General Jimmy Doolittle was revealed as the leader of the Tokyo raid. Franklin Roosevelt himself arranged the props for this dramatic disclosure, which lifted the country to a pitch of ecstasy. Streamered the Los Angeles *Herald and Express*: "Doolittle Dood It." It was the easiest way to win a war that anybody had ever invented.

Battle of the Atlantic Coast

Meanwhile, the Navy laid down a smoke-screen along the entire Atlantic Coast, to shield from public gaze the dread tragedy of those waters. Anyone who visits the beaches can see the tragedy. On Long Island, for instance, a stroller last week encountered a lifeboat mast, broken oars, hatch covers strewn along for nearly a mile.

Since Jan. 14, German subs have been attacking United Nations shipping from Brazil to Canada, often within sight of our shores. No official statement of the number of ships sunk has ever been released, but Senator Brewster of Maine estimated last week that 190 had gone under. This is at the rate of a ship and a half per day (up to the middle of May). In addition, of course, there have been sinkings in the North Atlantic, in the Mediterranean, and especially on the long weary route to Murmansk which passes close to the German bases in Norway. During most of this period, U. S. shipbuilders have been producing barely one ship a day. Last week they celebrated Maritime Day with 27 launchings in 24 hours, increased the average rate to two a day. But even at this rate the Axis is sinking more ships than the U. S. can immediately build. As our fighting front expands our means of servicing it contracts.

Amateur Fleet

The Navy cannot be blamed for its failure to cover the Atlantic Coast in force. It is a one-ocean Navy trying to do a three-ocean job. Yet it has failed in this case to show ordinary American ingenuity. At Dunkirk, British yachts and sailboats helped save the B. E. F. Here in the U. S., in an emergency growing more desperate by the hour, with

German subs at large in the Caribbean, at the mouth of the Mississippi, and in the St. Lawrence, hundreds of amateur skippers are eager to put their small boats to similar use. The Cruising Club of America, a group of crack amateurs whose minimum requirement for membership is five years of ocean sailing, recently offered the Navy more than 200 seagoing sailboats, complete with competent skippers and crews, of which 80 could be made ready in two weeks. Stationed ten or 20 miles apart, well out to sea, and using a new anti-submarine technique that the Cruising Club had carefully worked out, they could increase the effectiveness of every naval vessel on the Coast. But the Navy turned down the offer with the amazing statement that the construction program had advanced so rapidly that such a fleet was not needed.

Who's Afraid?

War with mirrors is not the kind of war that Americans want to fight. Throughout the world people just like ourselves have endured indescribable suffering, accepted heartbreaking loss. American common sense acknowledges that we cannot get into this fight without getting hurt. And anyway, who's afraid?

The Administration has now reorganized war production under a single-powered, single-minded boss. It has brought the Army and Navy closer together. It has taken steps against inflation. It has begun to mobilize U. S. manpower and womanpower. But in one indispensable field it has shilly-shallied. It has provided no boss of public information. The almost sacred task of keeping the people honestly informed, of bringing them into the war so that it can be their war, of explaining why we cannot know this, why we must do that, has been left lying around in pieces. Sometimes the President is his own master of ceremonies, produces his own special brand of white rabbits. The rest of the time "public information" is kicked around by the Army, the Navy, the Office of Censorship, OFF, OCD, OGR, COI, WPB, OEM, the Treasury and all the regular government departments. The unhappy state of affairs was illustrated last week when, during three registration days, 6,000 persons in New York City turned in their X and B-8 gas-rationing cards for lesser ones. These earnest patriots had simply never been told the facts on gas rationing.

The time had come for the President to reach a momentous decision. Either he must fight a people's war, sharing the hardships as well as the victories—or an Administration war, with all the bad cards held close to his chest. If it is to be an Administration war disaster looms ahead. If it is to be a people's war then the President must set up an information chief to work it out with the people, and must give him authority over all the lesser information chiefs who have failed to do this. And that guy had better be as tough as Monganahela nails.

its emergency by launching a small fleet of horse-drawn cabs, painted in red and yellow colors, and driven by top-hatted drivers. You see some of them

opposite waiting for fares at Trinity Station in the Back Bay. Visible are three country broughams, one victoria and a vis-à-vis with a span of mares.

The Horse Age returns to Back Bay as
Boston's Checker Taxicab Company copes
with gasoline crisis at Trinity Station





FANS BID FAREWELL TO STARS AT STATION. WAVING FROM WINDOW: MERLE OBERON



TRoupers relax as CARAVAN ROLLS ON. GROUCHO MARX IS PLAYING PIANO. SINGING BE-

HOLLYWOOD STARS HIT ROAD FOR ARMY-NAVY RELIEF

Twenty-two movie stars, eight starlets and some 50 musicians and technical experts were back in Hollywood last week after rolling more than 8,000 miles and hitting twelve one-night stands in a fortnight for the benefit of Army and Navy relief. During their arduous junket, they grossed \$600,000, played to 125,000 persons and appeared fleetingly before millions who mobbed main streets from Boston to Houston, Texas.

The Hollywood Victory Caravan assembled in Wash-

ington April 30. There Mrs. Roosevelt gave its members a tea reception on the White House lawn. In Boston next day they paraded through five miles of streets jammed with thousands who cheered so long and so loud that both Joan Blondell and Cary Grant dissolved in tears. In Philadelphia throngs besieged tea restaurant where the stars were dining and remained until Bob Hope appeared at a window and started tossing them biscuits from a basket. When the biscuits were

gone he stepped out the basket. In Chicago the caravan netted \$800,000 and drew a houseful of 19,000.

And this busy grueling troupe had little respite. In city after city they were rushed from press conferences to receptionist dinners. Each night's soiree lasted three or four hours. Only when aboard their private train in the small hours of the morning was their time their own. Here you see some informal views of the Caravan as it rolled across the country on its patriotic mission.

AFTER A HARD DAY, FRANCES GIFFORD AND KATHERINE BOOTH STRIP IN BERTH



STARLET MARIE MCDONALD NIBBLES A NOCTURNAL APPLE BEFORE HITTING THE PILLOW





HIND HIM: RISE STEVENS, PAT O'BRIEN, FRANCES LANGFORD. AT FAR LEFT: JIMMY CAGNEY



BING CROSBY AND STARLET FAY MCKENZIE UNITE IN CLOSE HARMONY AFTER HOURS

MCKENZIE & McHUGH ACT BLACKOUT SHIT

JUANITA STARK PLAYS SAFE IN UPPER BERTH



Marié McDonald legs it downstairs in pert chorus costume

NEW PRIMATE OF ENGLAND IS ENTHRONED WITH POMP

In the bomb-pocked town of Canterbury, on April 23, a procession of medieval pomp and splendor moved toward the great Cathedral, "mother" of the Church of England. War-worn crowds stood watching, moved a little silent. Inside, 5,000 people waited in the gory, grim-made gloom of by-barred windows and jagged effigies. At 2 o'clock came the hollow sound of three long knocks on the West Door. Trumpeters raised their gleaming instruments, shivered the air with a ringing chord. The people rose.

First, by a silent procession of choristers, canons and clergymen, Dr. William Temple, former Archdeacon of York and newly-elected Archbishop of Canterbury, advanced in his mitre and broaded cape. He approached the upper nave and choir, filled with the swarthy, bearded popes, surpliced clergy and foreign emissaries who were to witness his enthronement as Primate of All England.

Successively seated on three different thrones during the two-hour ceremony, Dr. Temple became the 96th Archbishop as he received the Chair of St. Augustine who became the first Archbishop in A.D. 307. From there he preached to the people, sounding almost a pacifist strain as he said: "This is not the moment to speak much of war—but a German victory would mean an end of the Christian movement."

Crowds of ticket-holders line up to enter Canterbury. All had to be seated half hour before ceremony. No broken windows from which stained glass was removed in first week of war.



Procession included many dignitaries in ancient, colorful costumes as traditionally British is dressing for drama in the case.

or. Here, left to right, is two-time survivor Barnes, the Quaker Poet, a waggish minister, a black-bearded man.

Approaching Cathedral, Dr. Temple, who is a Quaker, second from left, Dr. Hezekiah Johnson, "Red" Dean of Canterbury (left) and the ultra-conservative Archdeacon Karl Sepulchre right.





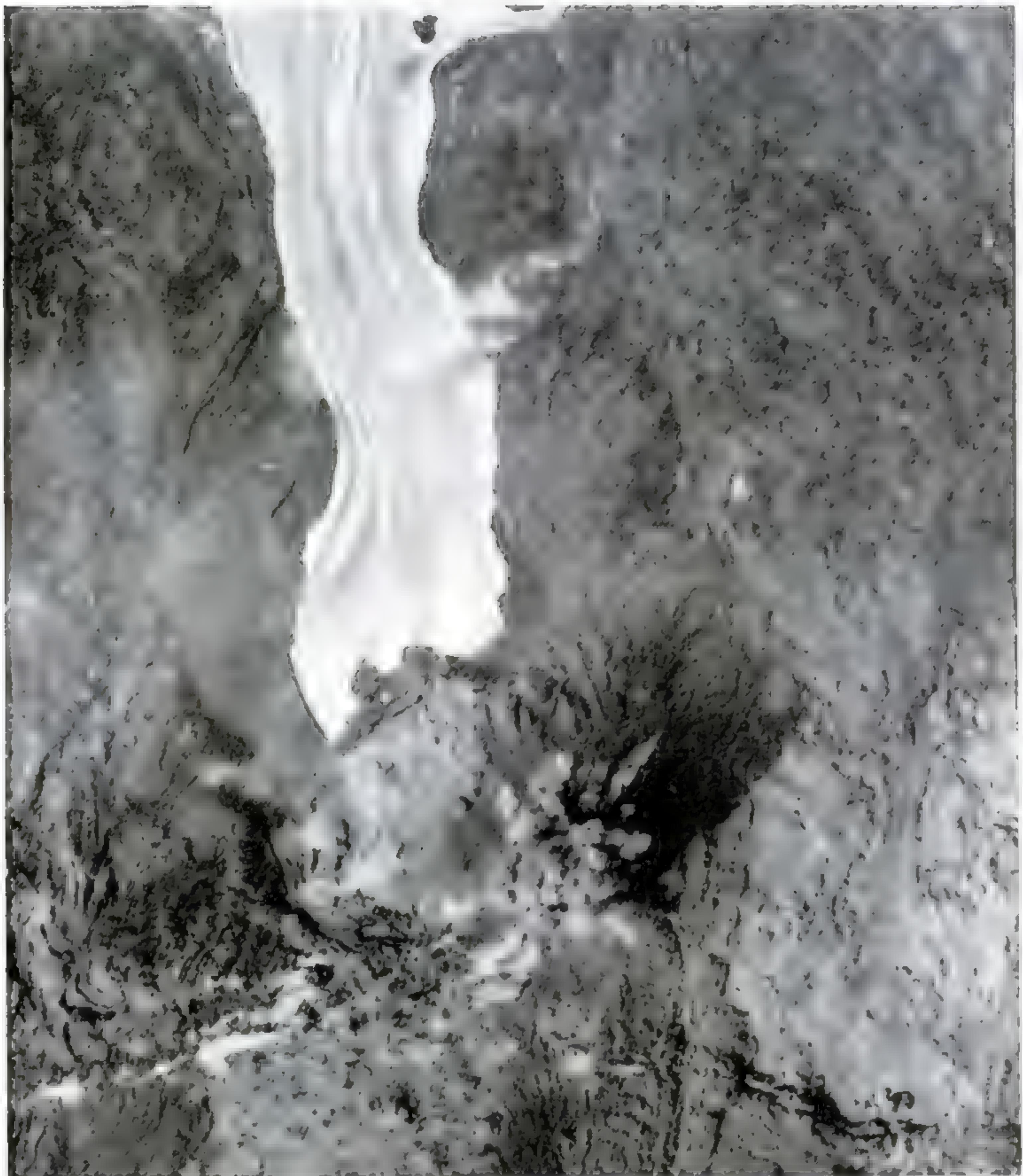
Entering Cathedral, Dr. Welton Temple, center, follows in footsteps of his father, Frederick Temple, now 83rd Archbishop of Canterbury. This is first time father and son have both held office

Third and last enthronement arrives as Dr. Temple is seated in Chair of St. Augustine. Tall canes, by tradition, were brought up from Cathedral's sun-damaged crypt for ceremony. He is surrounded



As procession arrives at West Door, a uniformed "gatekeeper" steps forward to knock three times with silver-tipped cane. The belts are brown; trumpets ring out; door swings wide

by five-and-a-half-foot "ushers," including legg-les from Singapore, Bon-bay, Honduras, Johannesburg, Canada and the U.S. At his right are left are Deacon, Archdeacon, Canon



ARMY BOMBS MAUNA LOA VOLCANO TO DIVERT LAVA FLOW FROM HILO HARBOR

From the Army's Hickam Field outside Pearl Harbor huge bombers departed five weeks ago on a new kind of mission. Their assignment was to bomb the famed volcano, Mauna Loa, on the island of Hawaii, 200 miles away. On April 26 restless Mauna Loa had rumbled into new activity, hurling tons of molten rock into the Pacific sky. Two days later, fountains of lava spouted from two fissures in the mountainside, a few thousand feet below the summit.

Like red snakes, twin lava rivers coiled down Mauna Loa's skirts, piling up great ramparts of hot rock, firing forests, imperiling the city and harbor of Hilo, and threatening to dam its water supply. To divert these angry streams Army airmen dropped bombs in their path. The picture above shows one burst below and slightly to right of the descending flow. By May 10 the disturbance had slackened, Hilo was safe, and Mauna Loa had subsided again into smoky slumber.

ADRIENNE AMES, supervisor of canteen supplies for Bundles for Bluejackets, a division of "Bundles for America" which is supplying comforts to the men of the armed forces of the United States. No bundle for a man in the service is complete without the cigarette that satisfies.



They Rate
the Best

the cigarette that's Milder, Cooler, Better Tasting

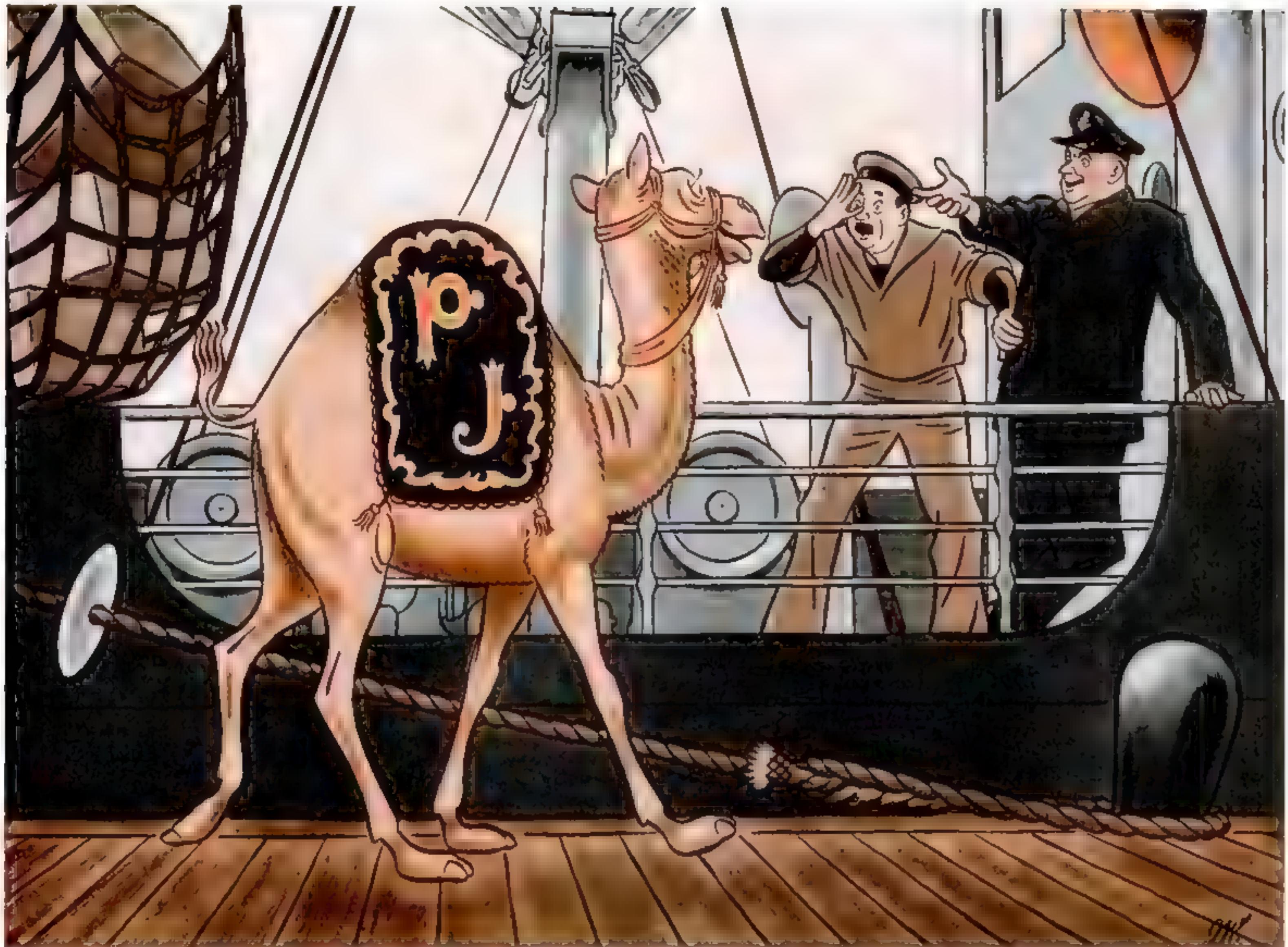
No other cigarette can give you the smoking pleasure you get from Chesterfield's *can't-be-copied blend*. This right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos leads all others in the three things you like best in a cigarette. It is definitely *Milder*, far *Cooler-Smoking* and lots *Better-Tasting*. *Get yourself a pack of Chesterfields today and try them.* They'll give you more smoking pleasure than you ever had before . . . **THEY SATISFY.**



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It's Chesterfield





'Im, 'Erbert? 'E is probably a cigarette lighter!

MAN: Now Yanks, 'Erbert, they can't stand to have a lamp or a cigarette lighter look like wot it is. It have got to look like something else. You take this 'ere camel. Why 'e probably ain't no camel at all! 'E has probably got a button on him somewhere. You press it an' 'e either lights y'r cigarette or 'e lights up the bloomin' dock.

CAMEL: Your pardon, O Noble Ally, but I *am* a camel. The Paul Jones camel

MAN: 'Erbert, pay no attention to 'im. 'O ever 'eard of a proper camel walkin' about free-like?

'Erbert, let us be orf'

CAMEL: But Cousin, it is my *business* to get around! As the living symbol of that superb quality in whiskey—dryness—I—

MAN: Dryness? In whiskey? Gara! 'O ever 'eard of a *dry* whiskey?

CAMEL: In this country, O Jolly Tar, there are thousands who know and appreciate one magnificent dry whiskey. This is the superlative Paul Jones, Master, a whiskey whose peerless flavor is brought out, *to the full* by this quality

of dryness or, as some say it, lack of sweetness.

MAN: Yerss, an' I'll wager this 'ere whiskey costs a couple of quid fer a thimbleful!

CAMEL: Nay, O Ruler of the Wave! For all the magnificence of its flavor, the price of this *dry* Paul Jones is so modest that even a seaman third class can afford it!

MAN: Coo-oo! Well now look 'ere, 'Erbert: seein' as how I introduced you to this noble beast you owe the two of us a round of this 'ere wonderful *dry* Paul Jones whiskey!

*The very best buy
is the whiskey that's *dry**

Paul Jones



A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

MOVIE OF THE WEEK:

Tortilla Flat

Hedy Lamarr helps to preserve the glow of Steinbeck's novel

Of all the big and little books that John Steinbeck has written, *Tortilla Flat* (1935) still rates with many critics as his most satisfying job. It wrestles with no big problems like *The Grapes of Wrath* or *The Moon Is Down*. For though Steinbeck writes like a realist, he thinks like a sentimentalist. And in the frankly sentimental *Tortilla Flat* he writes about his lazy, simple-hearted Mexicans with a glow as warming as the good cheap California wine they love to drink.

It is the outstanding virtue of M-G-M's movie of *Tortilla Flat* that it preserves Steinbeck's glow. This is to the credit partly of Director Victor Fleming, partly of a bumper crop of character actors who seem to enjoy a hell day shuffling around as carefree *paisanos* in Monterey, Calif. *Paisano* No. 1 is lovable and sly Spencer Tracy, assisted by John Garfield, Akim Tamiroff, Donald Meek, John Qualen and Allen Jenkins, who constitute together a Garden of Eden, uncontaminated by work or worry, until Eve arrives in the form of Hedy Lamarr. Hedy plays a poor Portuguese girl known appropriately as "Sweets" Ramirez.

For the first time in her career, Hedy depends on no glamorous clothes or background to enhance her charms. She wears no fake eyelashes, no makeup except a 10¢ tip of black grease to darken her skin. Her costume cost only \$3.95, and took only four minutes to slip into. All this worked out fine with Hedy. She performed her love scenes so well with John Garfield that he approvingly named her "Wild Cat Lamarr." Commenting further on the joys of working with the actors, Garfield confessed, "I tried to steal scenes from Hedy, Hedy tried to steal them from Spencer Tracy. Tracy tried to steal from Frank Morgan. Morgan tried to steal from me, and the dogs stink the show."

Frank Morgan and his dogs comprise one of the movie's most touching episodes, with Morgan proving again what a versatile actor he is. *Life* reports below on this good, simple episode from *Tortilla Flat*.



THE REAL LAMARR LOOKS MORE LIKE THIS, AS SHE APPEARS IN "TORTILLA FLAT" IN HER BARGAIN BASEMENT DRESS



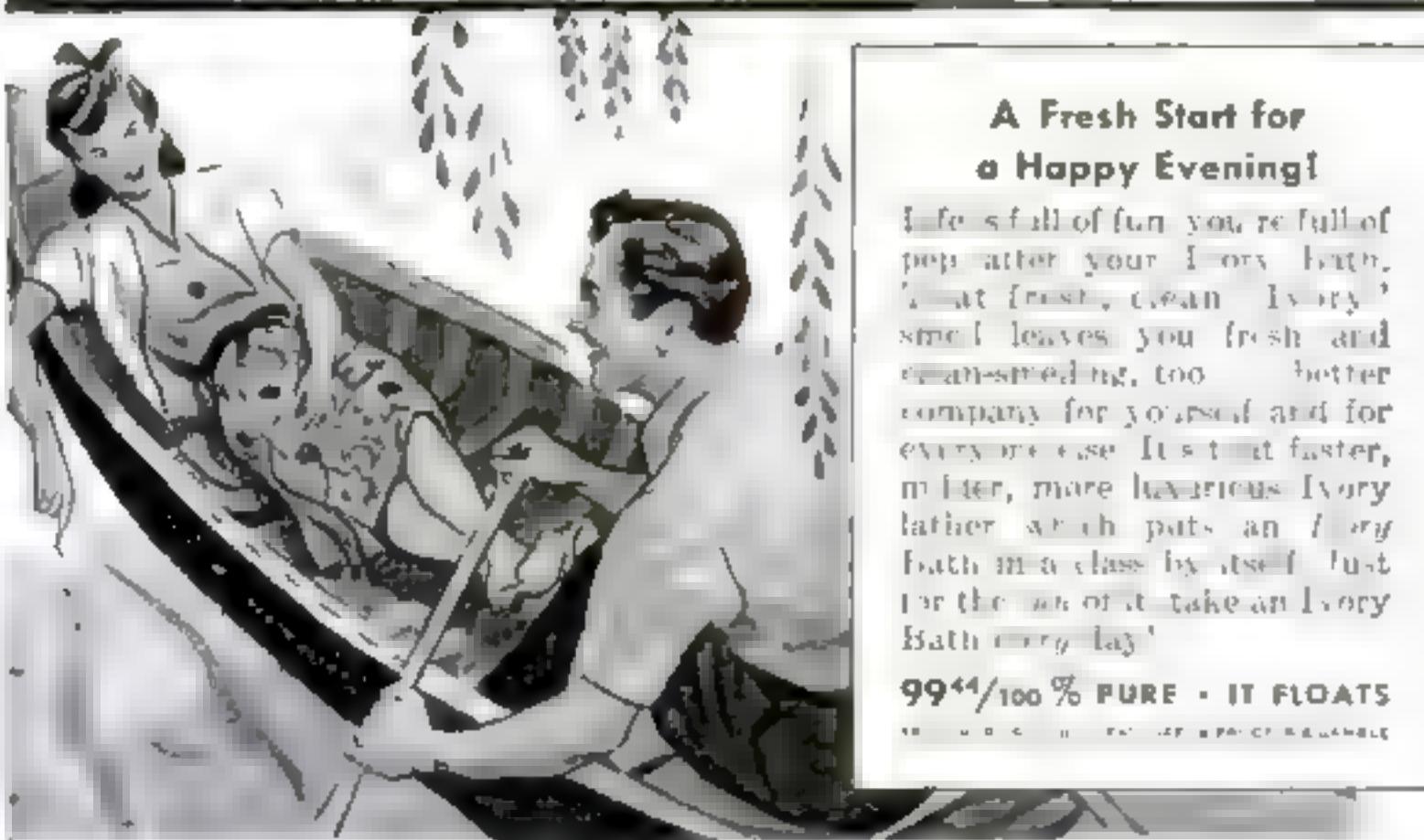
Pirate, the hermit (Frank Morgan), is invited with his five beloved dogs to live in the house of Spencer Tracy and his *paisano* pals. They suspect he may be hoarding a hidden treasure.



While his pals sleep, Pirate (left) plans to slip out of the house and transfer his buried treasure to a safer spot. He has been saving for years to buy a gold candlestick for shrine of St. Francis.

"Tortilla Flat" (continued)

*"-and STOP calling me
SOURPUSS!"*



**For a FRESH START...
take an IVORY BATH**





Pirate's dogs, after breaking loose from home, swarm into church to stand by their master just as the priest is telling the story of St. Francis and his love for animals.



Pirate leads his dogs outside and gives them to Tracey and his friends who are watching the great service through a window. Then he returns to hear the rest of the story.



Out in the woods, the old man re-enacts the church service for his faithful dogs who sit reverently at attention while he tells them that St. Francis is their patron saint.



Here's a marvelous scientific product, SKOL, that actually filters out those rays of the sun that cause blisters and ugly, painful redness while it lets the tanning rays pass through.*

SKOL lets you get a glorious tan without painful burning, even if you are blond. Made after a formula first developed in' Sweden for snowburn, SKOL contains an exclusive, patented form of tannic acid. Antiseptic, too!

SKOL is a quick-drying liquid. It doesn't pick up sand, doesn't make you messy, doesn't show. SKOL is not greasy, not oily. Be sure to apply before going into the sun. Use after each swim.

Relief! . . . SKOL also helps relieve painful sunburn and dry chapped skin.

Skol Company, Inc., New York

*Scientific tests prove that SKOL blocks out harmful burning rays—those below 3130AU—but lets the tanning rays—those above 3130AU—pass through.



NOT OILY—PREVENTS PAINFUL SUNBURN

SKOL is the largest selling non-oily suntan lotion in the world

Blue Jays

People who really love birds love all birds. But even the fondest friends of feathered creatures are a little on the defensive when explaining the blue jay. This bright bird, sitting life-size in the photograph below, has the reputation of being a noisy braggart, a rascal and a loud mouth whose bravery never matches his bluster.

The blue jay's reputation as a rogue is largely un-

deserved but it is the jay's own fault. A high-spirited tease and mischief-maker, the jay is a useful bird whose character is documented with utter fairness in the paintings on the following pages, done for LIFE by Roger Tory Peterson of the National Audubon Society. The blue jay, for instance, is accused of eating other birds' eggs. Sometimes he does eat them but in doing so he is acting as one of nature's many balances, set up to limit population which otherwise would grow out of bounds. The blue jay steals acorns from squirrels, which some consider a heinous act. But this small mischief is more than made up by the work the jay does as a forester. In storing food, the blue jay buries acorns in the ground. The ones it

doesn't retrieve stay in the ground, sprout and, in due time, grow into oak trees. Ordinarily oak forests spread down, not up the slopes of hills, but because jays often bury acorns well uphill from the trees, whole mountainsides in the western U.S., which would never have known an oak tree, have become thickly forested with them.

For the last few weeks the blue jays have been unnaturally quiet and unobtrusive while tending their nests and their young. Now that their fledglings, who quickly become as bright and brassy as their parents, are out of the nests, the jays once again are gabbling through the woods, looking for excitement and making excitement if they can't find it any other way.





ROGER
TORY
PETERSON

A Tease. The owl is a natural生 to scare jays, who like to sleep in the daytime. One fine morning when a pair of foot or family visitors were occupying them, a gang of jays who had been a dazing owl, just on the way with fierce screeching and

ruffling of their bright blue feathers. Sometimes, if there are too many jays, the owl will retire modestly. But usually he holds his ground and thinks, knowing that if ANY jay comes too close, he'll grab him and eat him. The jays also know this and make sure they never get too close.



A Rogue, the blue jay steals acorns from squirrel's cache (above). The jay itself stores food (below), sometimes has it stolen by sparrows.



A Hatchman, the blue jay warns the woods of danger like the cat above. Jays are not afraid of cats. A pair will leap up and, while

one scolds the cat from front, the other will swoop around and peck it from rear. A mimic (below left), the jay imitates other birds, likes to mock the cry of the red-shouldered hawk.

A Helper, to birds, the jay's careless way of cracking nuts and dropping bits helps feed quail. Sometimes jays eat birds' eggs (left) but not often.

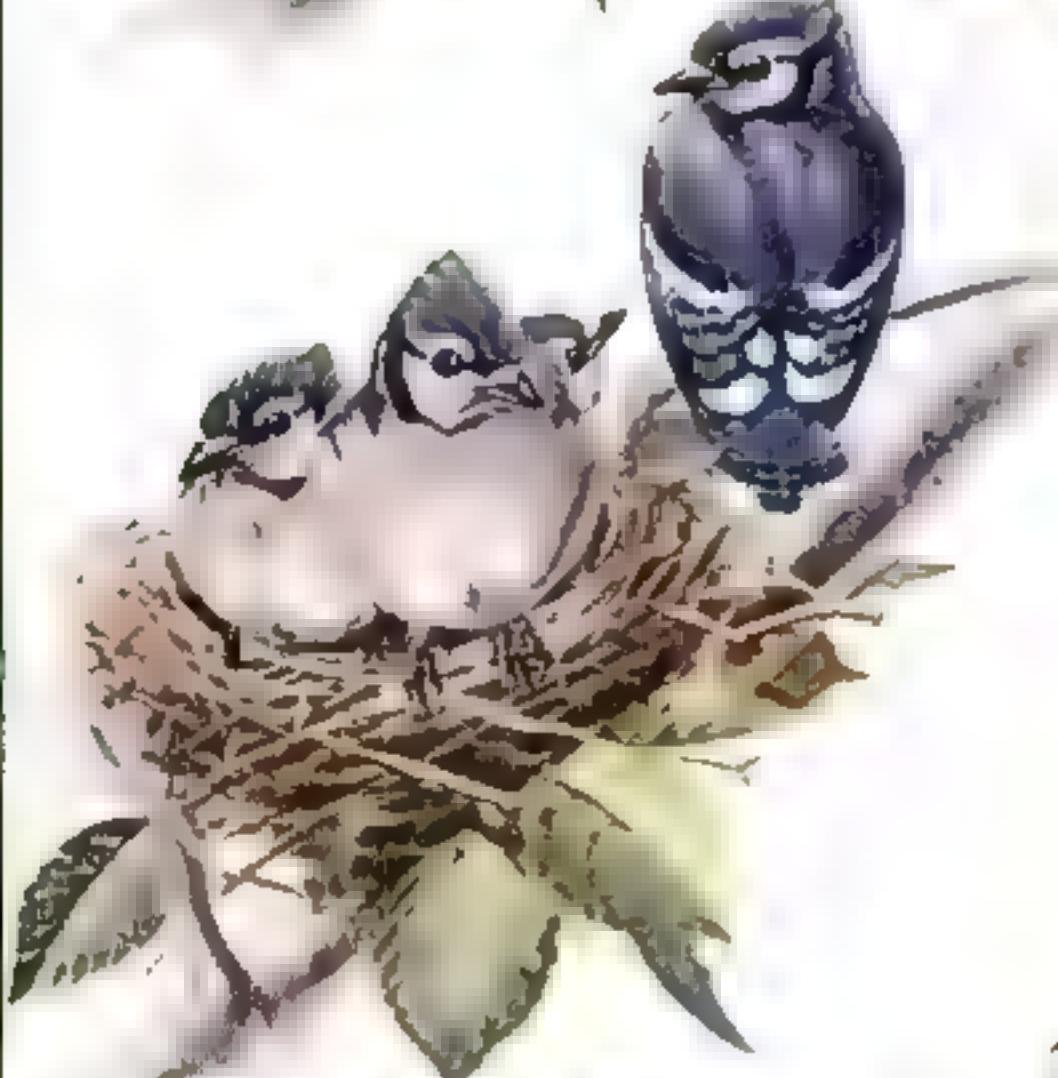


A Blusterer. One jay intimates birds its size or smaller. But the brown thrasher (above) likes to pick fights with jays and kick them.



A Husband. The blue jay is an honorable and hardworking bird, very considerate of his mate. Marriage is a 50-50 proposition to

jays. The male helps build the nest, takes his turn sitting on the eggs. A noisy individual, the blue jay changes radically near nest, becomes as quiet and inconspicuous as a ghost.



A Parent. Jay takes good care of nest and young. In a flurry (right) some jays in grave, son estey North and water rocker birds fly by.





A matchless Victor Album for your library—Stokowski conducting Tschaikowsky's Fourth Symphony

UNDER the magic baton of Leopold Stokowski, the tremendously vital *Fourth Symphony* of Tschaikowsky comes to brilliant life...in a Victor Record Album to be treasured as a collector's piece. For here is the first of Tschaikowsky's great cycle of three symphonies—including the *Fifth* and *Sixth*—performed with rare genius by Stokowski conducting the NBC Symphony Orchestra...and recorded with all the faithfulness to the original which this world-famous conductor insists upon. Because they have always brought you the performances of the world's

greatest artists, Victor Records have of necessity also brought you the *greatest fidelity* that endless research, modern recording techniques and a matchless fund of experience make possible.

This superb Victor Record Album stands as a shining example why more and more people build lasting enjoyment out of their collections of Victor Records...which bring you the music you want when you want it, performed by the world's greatest artists—a perfect tonic for these times when recreation is so important. (Album M-880.)



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1 Violinist who plays his own compositions, *Caprice Viennois* and *Tambourin Chinois* on Record 14690



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10 Creator of the "novel" *Hear his Piano Concerto in B Flat* (Tchaikowsky) and *Why Don't We Do This More Often?* B-11211

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If you want to start a collection of your favorites among the miniature portraits, in this and similar advertisements, ask your Victor Record Dealer about the Victor Record Stamp Album prepared expressly for preserving them.

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IN RUBBER HEAP BARNEY SCHROEDER, STEVENS POINT STREET CLEANER, FINDS GIRL



RUBBISH BARREL (RED, WHITE, BLUE) STANDS IN CENTRAL SPOT, IS CONSTANT REMINDER

SALVAGE

Stevens Point, Wis., shows U. S. how it can organize a continuing program of salvage-for-victory

The salvage program in the U. S. got off to a bad start. Spurred by Government reports of shortages, misguided zealots organized all manner of collection campaigns, gave up in disgust when neither junkman, charity nor Government agencies could be found to collect the waste. The aluminum fiasco of last summer is typical of what happens when enthusiasm gets ahead of organization. To prevent further frustration the Bureau of Industrial Conservation of WPB has prepared a salvage-for-victory program. Challenged by LIFE to name a community where the program is functioning efficiently, the Bureau suggested Stevens Point, Wis.

The salvage program in Stevens Point is part of the

national effort. Its local committee, headed by Mrs. Wayne Cowan, reports to the State committee which has an executive secretary on U. S. payroll. The community knows *what to save*—old rags, scrap metals, old rubber, grease. (Waste paper was wanted up to May 21, is no longer needed as great response swamped mills. When it is again wanted, communities will be notified.) It knows *how to save*—keep rags, rubber and scrap metal in separate piles, roll wire. It knows *how to dispose of waste*. Town trucks make semi-monthly house-to-house collections which are sold to junk dealers. Schoolchildren sign salvage pledges. The program is successful because everyone knows what to do and does it.



On collection day, the well-groomed front entrance to Dr. P. Sloman's residence is cluttered with piles of precious waste.



Rags and scrap metal await the collector's truck in front of Dr. E. Wisiol's house. Note bag for rags, container for metals.



Unsorted junk in front yard of Mrs. Zaborski's house includes pieces of heavy farm machinery, tires left by farmer friends.

How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Bundy



Babs: Alice is a swell girl, Mom, but something's missing. I just can't get a date for her. Maybe we ought to send her to your beauty shop—you know, glamour her up a bit.

Mrs. Brown: Glamour, my grandma! All that roommate of yours needs is a little get-up-and-go! A little whoosh. A little zip. A little *pep appeal!* Let me talk to her.



Alice: But what can I do, Mrs. Brown? If a girl hasn't got it, she hasn't got it.

Mrs. Brown: That's a lot of foolishness. I'll bet you haven't been eating right—not getting all your vitamins. And you can't expect to have pep unless you do! Come on, we'll make a start right now.



Mrs. Brown: See? This is KELLOGG'S PEP, a wonderful cereal made from choice parts of sun-ripened wheat. It contains extra-rich sources of the two vitamins most likely to be missing in ordinary meals—vitamins B₁ and D.

Alice: That's fine about the vitamins, Mrs. Brown—but why didn't you tell me PEP tastes so good? If getting the rest of my vitamins is as much fun as eating this swell cereal, I may have to get a date book after all!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/3 the minimum daily need of Vitamin B₁ according to age, 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE

Salvage (continued)



Rubber raft from which local boy, Lieutenant Earl Cooper, was saved after drifting four days in Pacific, is used to spur collections. College student here gives up girdle.



Paper boxes were collected by Boy Scouts. Pile above, from Whiting Hotel, is being loaded on homemade truck. All boxes and cartons had to be flattened before disposal.



Waste paper was piled high in basement of St. Stephen's Church where scouts pressed it into 100-lb. bales. Scouts sold waste, shared proceeds with bomber and defense funds.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 54

70 MILLION DOLLARS SAVED

on a grocery bill!

Seventy million dollars! This vast sum would go a long way toward filling the wants of countless American families! And it probably did—for last year, more than that amount was saved for customers of A&P Super Markets... because the food they bought would have cost that much more if these stores operated on A&P's cost rate of a few years ago. But A&P has steadily reduced its cost of selling food through new efficiencies—bringing amazing savings to its customers. Get the real significance of these savings. Millions of families not only saved by changing to A&P Super Markets from other food stores... but they made additional savings as A&P found new ways to do business at less expense. A&P carries on relentless war on needless expense in distributing foods. And each time it succeeds in saving money, you share in the savings.

THE GREAT ATLANTIC & PACIFIC TEA COMPANY

Shop any day
SAVE
every day on your
ENTIRE
FOOD BILL



SUPER MARKETS

Save
UP TO **25%**
*
ON MANY FINE FOODS

Many A&P brands (sold only at A&P) bring you savings up to 25% compared to prices usually asked for other nationally known products of comparable quality. You'll enjoy the goodness of our—

Eight O'Clock, Red Circle and
Bokar Coffees
White House Evaporated Milk
The 33 Ann Page Foods
Marvel "Enriched" Bread
Jane Parker Cakes, Rolls & Donuts
34 A&P Canned Fruits & Vegetables

Sunnyfield Butter
Mei-O-Bit Cheese
12 White Seal Household Products
7 Sunnyfield Cereals
Sunnyfield Hams & Smoked Meats
Sunnyfield Flours
and many other fine foods

butter, selected eggs, fine cheeses and dairy-fresh milk). Here again you've a surprise in store... in quality and low prices. Then spend time in the Meat Department... in the Fresh Fruit and Vegetable Department. Note the goodness of everything you see... and the reasonable prices asked. As you jot down your savings, remember that these are savings you can make any day you shop.

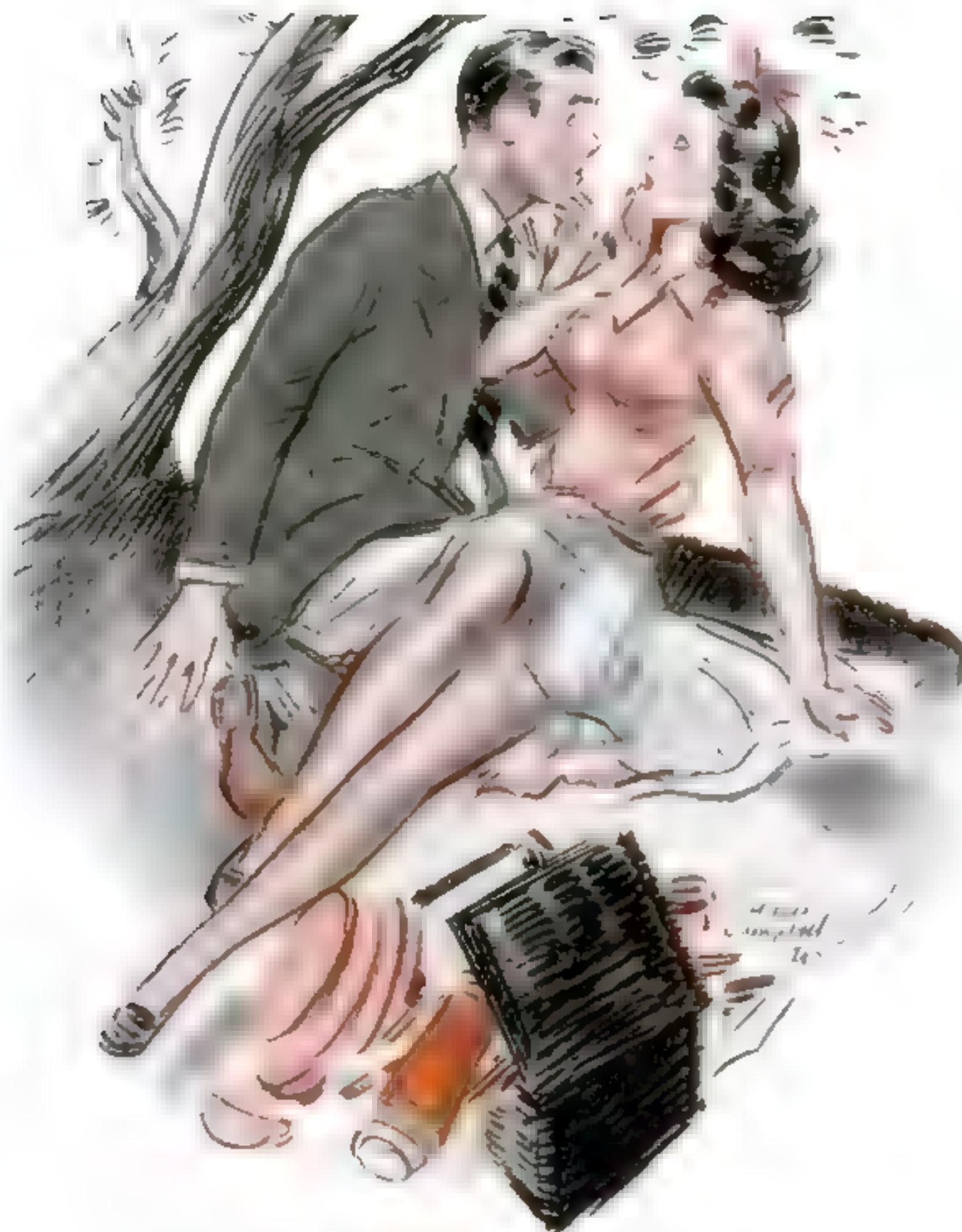
Go to your A&P Super Market today. You'll find profit in your visit... more for your money... a saving in shopping time.



Better, more nourishing meals for your money is really good news to your family in times like these.

A&P PLEDGE

A&P pledges all its experience, all its skill, all its resources to the job of providing you with the finest possible foods at the lowest possible prices.



"PICNIC ANTS!"

cried Nellie in false alarm. For this is what she was thinking: "Ants are pleasant company, compared to that rasping beard of his . . . if he'd only get a nice, smooth Barbasol Face . . . well, he'd be awfully nice, don't you think?"

DECORATIONS for distinguished shaving! Certainly, the gals can spot the man with a Barbasol Face—it's smoother, fresher, younger-looking. Made with beneficial oils. Barbasol is a soothing shave—never bites, never irritates.



SWEET MUSIC: The zing of a Barbasol Blade through a batch of Barbasol-softened whiskers is the sweetest bathroom song in the world. Try it yourself tomorrow morning—a treat for your ears as well as your face. Large tube 25¢, giant tube 50¢, family jar 75¢.



Salvage (continued)



Schoolchildren pile small junk on salvage table in fifth-grade classroom. All students signed pledge promising to help, and were cautioned against stealing for the cause.



Old cuts and dies used in advertising are source of zinc and copper. The pile above was collected by Hardware Mutual Casualty Co., shows how businessmen cooperate



City truck, loaded with 2,160 lb. of junk, weighs in at the local salvage yard. On the designated salvage days trucks go through every street, load up with collected waste.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14

ATTENTION! ALL YOU MEN IN UNIFORM..

Here's "the Best to the Best"

FREE



***The Best of "Eats" . . . Your
Favorite Ice Cream—
in crisp, milk-and-honey . . .***

SAFE-T CONES

AND TO YOU FOLKS BACK HOME . . .

Sure it's OK to clip this coupon and send it to your soldier or sailor boy in camp or port . . . But don't forget to keep the home folks happy. There's no finer treat for Jun or Sister— "Grand-pops" —Baby—Mother—Dad—than SAFE-T Cones of fine Ice Cream.

SAFE-T Cones are delicious, healthful . . . They supply the crisp, tasty cake with the ice cream. Their PATENTED design makes them drip-proof, neat to handle, safe from breaking or from spilling on clothing, gloves, car seats . . .

And in these SAFE-T Cones and SAFE-T Cone Clearview Dispensers—you're sure SAFE-T Cones are always clean, dust-proof, untouched, sanitary.

Eat more Ice Cream—in SAFE-T Cones . . .

MARCHING • SAILING • FLYING ORDERS

Just Shoot Off This Coupon and turn it in to any progressive SAFE-T Cone dealer. It pays to look for him.

To Mother—
or the Girl Back Home:
Keep Them Smiling. Clip this coupon now and send or give it to your Soldier or Sailor Boy.

To Ice Cream Manufacturers and Cone Distributors:

Genuine SAFE-T CONES are made only by the **SAFE-T CONE COMPANY**, Division of Illinois Baking Corporation, 2230 S. Union Ave., Chicago.

FREE! Compliments
SAFE-T CONES . . .



This COUPON is good for 1 delicious SAFE-T CONE of Ice Cream if promptly presented by any man in the Uniform of the U. S. Army, Navy, Marines, Air Service or Coast Guard. Simply present coupon at any place in the U. S. A. where Ice Cream is retailed in SAFE-T Cones.*

SAFE-T CONE Rules. We hereby authorize you to accept this coupon before June 30, 1942 when presented by any man in the uniform of U. S. Army, Navy, Marines, Air Service or Coast Guard. We authorize no one to accept or exchange for 5¢ a SAFE-T CONE of Ice Cream. We authorize no one to accept or exchange for 5¢ each for all properly presented coupons you turn in to him before July 10, 1942 and guarantee to repay distributor promptly thereafter at 5¢ each.

*Void if not used before June 30, 1942. Not valid in states where prohibited by law.

Be Sure It's a Genuine
SAFE-T Cone . . .

- Patent design
protects against
crushing or breaking.
- Crisp-baked
pure sugar cake
and cones, delicious
milk and honey
flavored cake with
ice cream.
- Rigid design
strength proof
against crushing.
- Dispensed from dust-proof, san-
itary dispensers.

SAFE-T CONE COMPANY

Sole Manufacturers of Genuine SAFE-T Cones Division of
Illinois Baking Corporation, 2230 S. Union Ave., Chicago

For him...  and him...  and him... 

“I pledge myself to guard every bit
of Beauty that he cherishes in me”

To help you in keeping this pledge,
trust the one leading beauty soap
that's made with Olive and Palm Oils!

Today, those moments with him are
fleeting, rare, and...infinitely precious. For
his sake, and yours, be at your lovely best,
whenever you're together.

Turn now, as so many charming women
are doing, to Palmolive for your beauty
care. For, since the dawn of history, Olive
and Palm Oils have been treasured as
Nature's finest aids to feminine loveliness.
And Palmolive *alone*, among all leading
soaps, is made with Olive and Palm Oils!

No wonder Palmolive is the largest selling
beauty soap in all the world! You can
truly feel the difference in its silk-and-cream
lather. You can truly trust its gentle help
in keeping your skin soft and fresh and
radiant as the dawn.

Palmolive costs *so* little! Why not let it
do the nice things for your body that it does
for your face? Keep your pledge of beauty
with Palmolive. Guard your loveliness...
'til he comes marching home!

REMEMBER PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY OILS...

olive and palm oil
— no others — go
into the making of
Palmolive. Look
for the olive color.



Salvage (continued)

THESE ARE THINGS EVERYONE SHOULD SAVE

Rubber, metal and rags are the three basic kinds of waste that the Bureau of Industrial Conservation urges everyone to save. As of May 21, waste paper was no longer wanted. Response was so great (see Stevens Point collection on the preceding pages) that mills were glutted. Tin cans and grease, although valuable, should be saved only in communities where disposal machinery is in operation. The U. S. does not now want tinfoil, razor blades, silk stockings, peach kernels.



ALL KINDS OF DAMAGED RUBBER CAN BE RECLAIMED TO MAKE NEW GOODS



BAGS OF ALL KINDS, UNDERWEAR, SHEETS, TOWELS, FEED BAGS, ARE WANTED

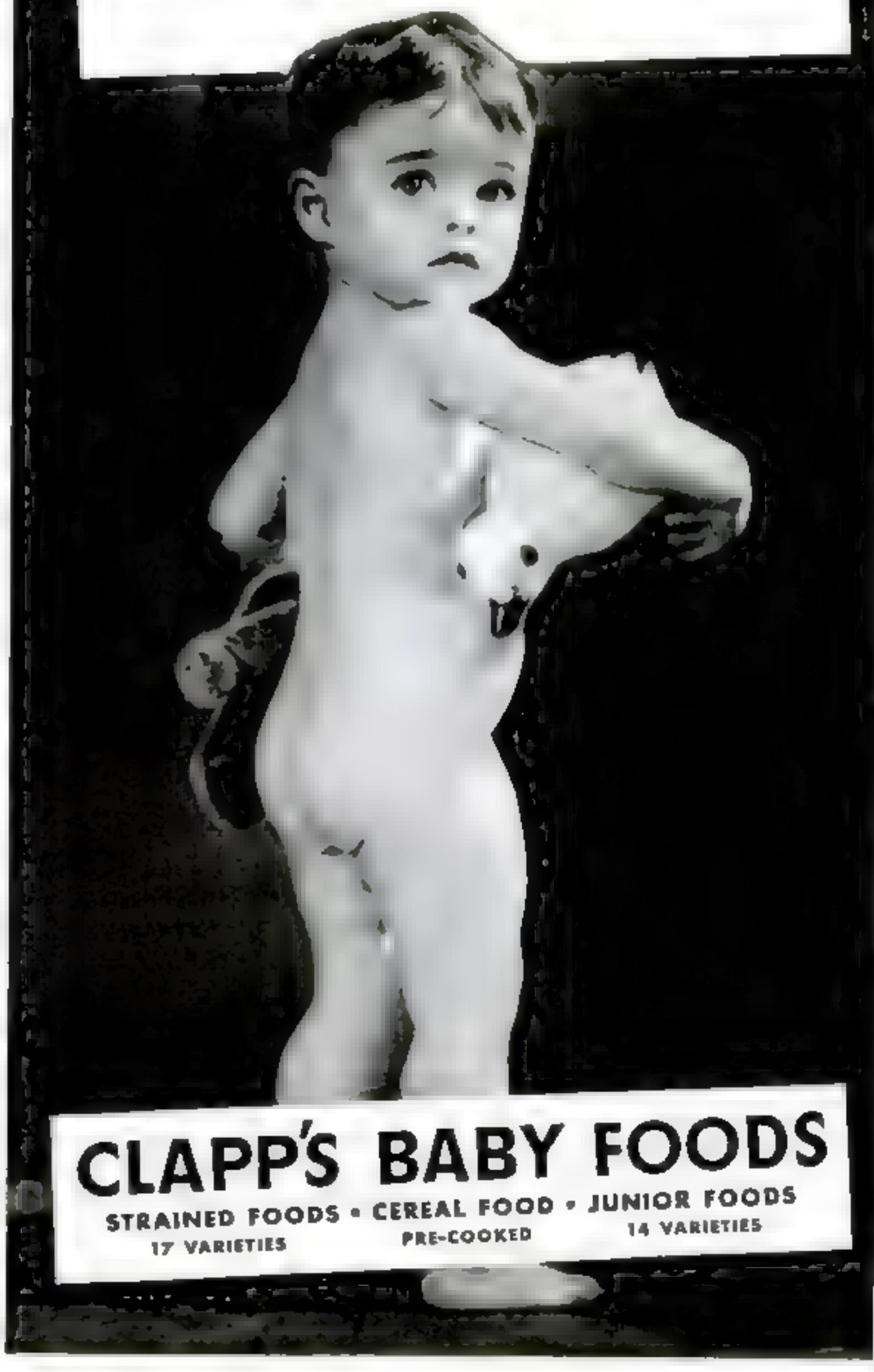


SCRAP METAL IS PRECIOUS. CALL JUNKMAN ONLY AFTER ASSEMBLING BIG FILE

I'M STILL too young for grown-up foods,
I'm much too old for strained . . .
So now I'm on CLAPP'S JUNIOR FOODS—
And see how much I've gained!

I need a lot of vitamins
And minerals as well—
That's why my doctor says with me
That Clapp's are simply swell!

MOTHERS: Babies take to Clapp's 14 varieties of Junior Foods to choose from. Prepared with the help of baby specialists. Get some for your toddler today.





Yale at War

An American university accepts the challenge



CHARLES SEYMOUR

The lifeblood of a university is young men. Today, with millions of young men entering the armed forces, American universities are faced with the critical problem of keeping alive. One of those doing most to solve its problem and serve the nation is Yale, which in its 241 years of existence has sent men to every American war. In 1917, university men left in a body to get into the war. Today the situation is different. It is different not because university men are slackers, but because they are being trained for specific and valuable work.

This training is given under the Yale Plan, formulated by Yale's President Charles Seymour and Professor Elliot Dunlap Smith, and has received the full approval of the Army and Navy. Under it, students continue to study through the summer to complete the normal four-year course in two and two-thirds years, adding special military and physical training to their studies. They graduate as members of the Army, Navy or Marine Corps, or with a background in science, engineering and medicine which they will enlarge upon to aid our war effort.

Many of the university's faculty and graduates are engaged in work for the Government. Alumni, such as War Secretary Stimson and air-minded Artemus Gates and Robert Lovett, are controlling the destiny of American arms. Yale's scientific laboratories hum with war research. But its proudest contribution is the young men it is training to help win the war and to make a better world when peace finally comes. Not all of them wear uniforms one or two days a week, like the boys on the opposite page. Some are learning languages, science and medicine. But in all of them the university is instilling the truth—that, to be free men, it is worth fighting and dying "for God, for Country and for Yale."



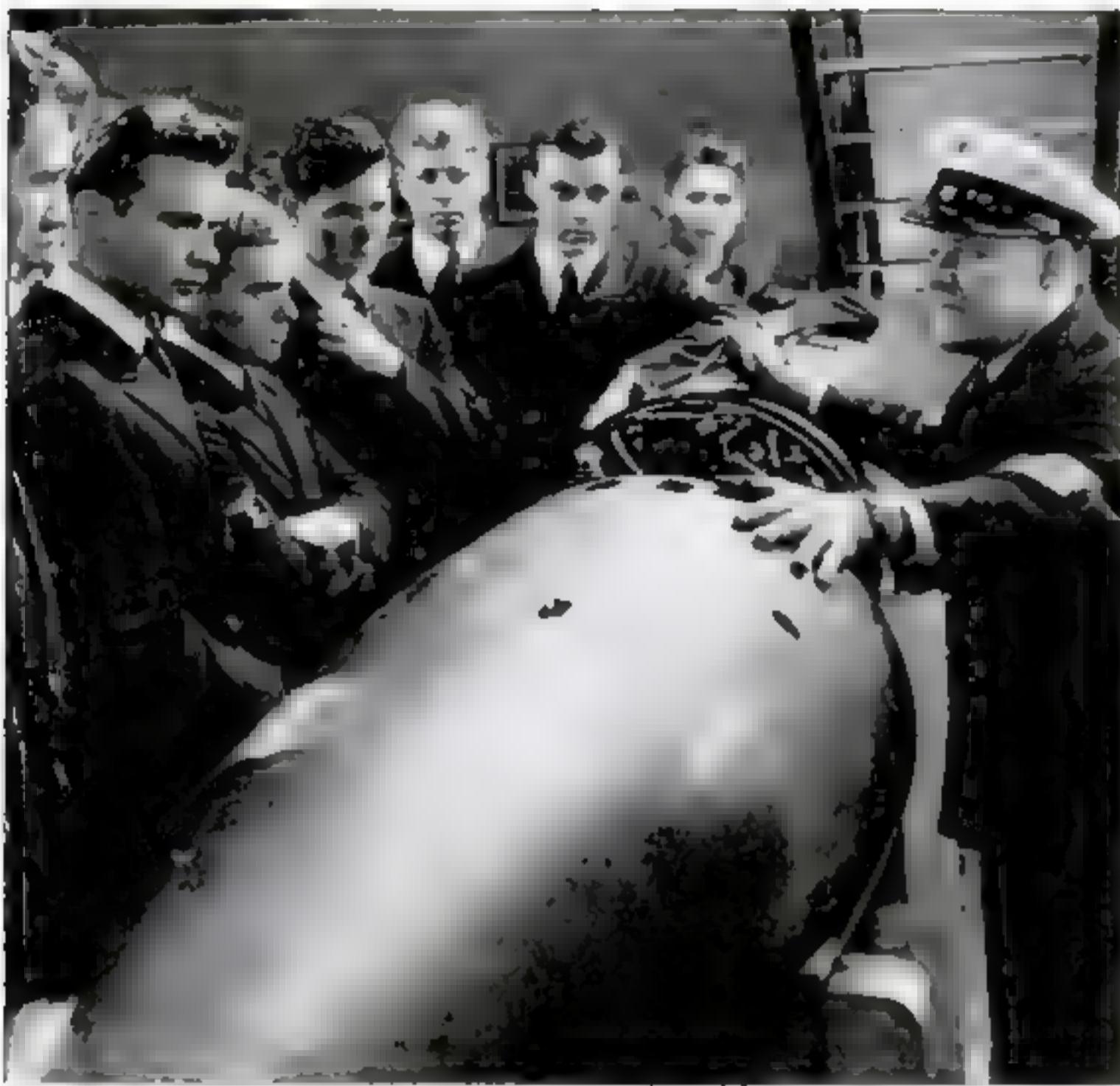
FRESHMEN SIGN UP for service at the Bureau of Military Training Information, which carefully checks on their qualifications and guides them to the right branch. The students' physical status is most important.



SANDBAGS ON WINDOWS of Wright Hall, a freshman dormitory, are one of Yale's few external signs of war. They pro-

ect central telephone switchboard of the university. Though these precautions may seem premature, Yale, on the Con-

nect shoreline, is close enough to New Haven's war plants to make these safety measures reasonable in case of an air raid.



TORPEDO MECHANISM is explained to a naval reserve officers' training class by a petty officer attached to the university. Most of these boys will be on active duty within a few months' time.



NAVIGATION PROBLEM is worked out by Yale naval reserve officers. Students can now enter Navy as freshmen, graduate in two and two-thirds years as commissioned deck or flight officers.

It is training fighting men and scientists

The Yale students who will take the most active part in the war are those receiving military or naval reserve officers' training. At present there are about 1,000 men in these courses and, when the freshman class enters early in July, there will probably be twice as many. The Navy, Naval Air Corps and Marines seem to be the preferred branches of service, mostly because flying is a young man's game and because the Navy was the first of the armed forces to formulate a definite policy of signing up university students while they were still undergraduates. Now the Army has fol-

lowed suit, believing that an educated and trained officer is more valuable to his country than a drafted undergraduate.

Yale's scientific tradition, which was founded by the great 19th Century teacher, Benjamin Silliman, is also preparing men for war work. Students are studying in the physics, chemistry and engineering laboratories while their professors are doing research in explosives, military medicine and aviation. Soon all of these soldiers, sailors and scientists will be giving their skill and knowledge to their country—many will give their lives.



THE YALE BATTERY, a field artillery unit, lines up for inspection after a drill in the State Armory in New Haven. In the last war, most Yale men who went to fight entered as artillery officers.

Now, under the Yale Plan which is approved by the Army, Navy and Marines, they can be pilots, naval officers, scientists, doctors, or specialists in important United Nations and Axis languages.

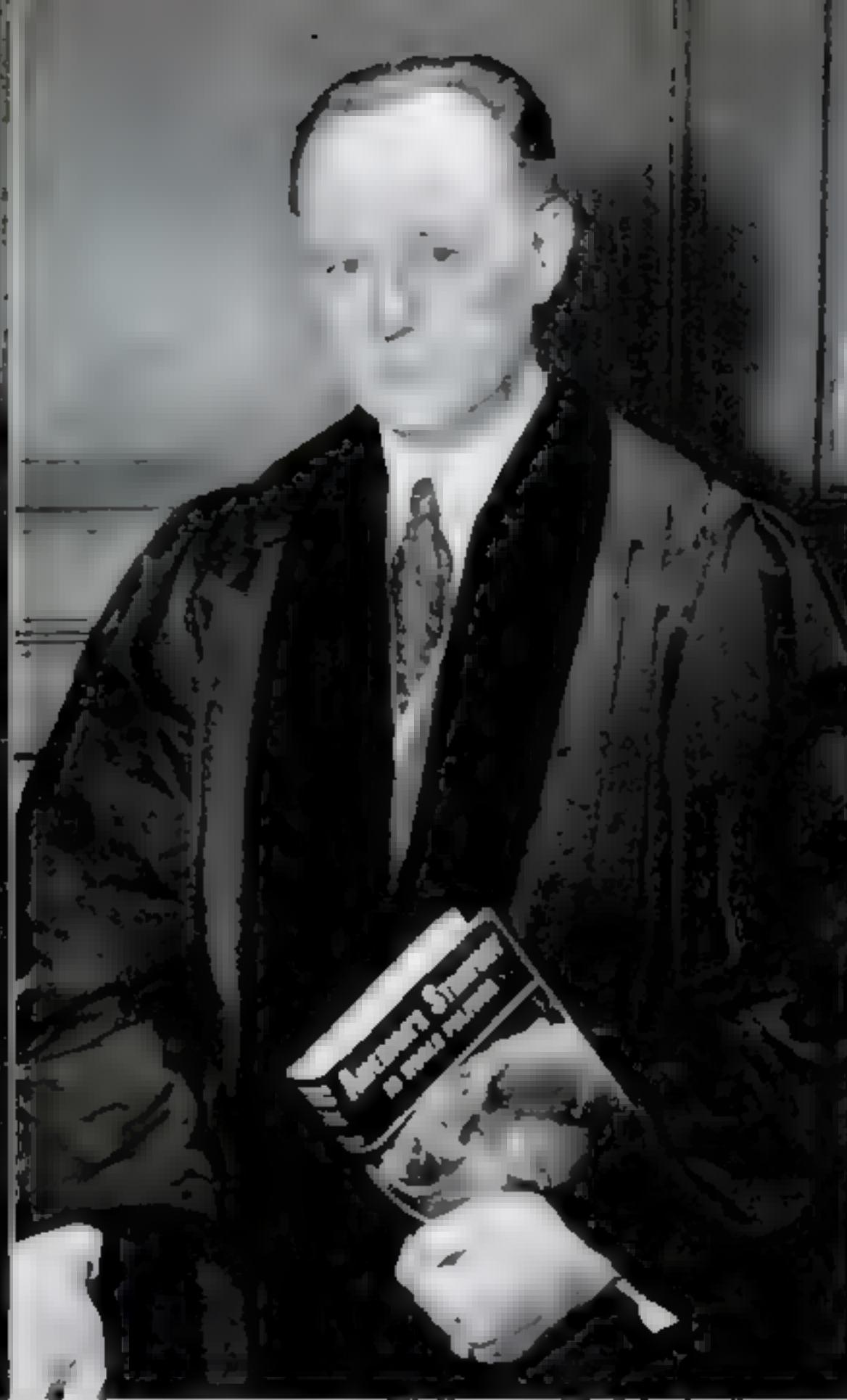


CHEMICAL ENGINEERING LABORATORY is training students in such vital subjects as explosives and synthetic rubber production. Practically all of these young men have jobs in war industries

waiting for them on graduation. The rest will continue at the university as graduate students, doing research work with professors in war fields, under the supervision of the Army and Navy.



EDWARD WIGHT BAKKE, Professor of Economics, is an authority on American labor law and labor negotiations. His seminars give students an understanding of labor problems at present as well as in the course of war.



NICHOLAS JOHN SPYKMAN, Professor of International Relations, has just written a book on American geopolitics. He has also prepared basic courses on present-day events, which are being studied by privates, and is teaching international relations to Army officers.



EDGAR STEPHENSON FURNISS, Provost of the University and Dean of the Graduate School, is the representative of the faculty at Yale admissions to world war problems. In addition to his war activities, Furniss gives lectures on peace science.

Its culture is a cherished and proud tradition

Significantly, Yale was founded in 1701 with a gift of books given by a group of Connecticut gentlemen. Since then its learning and culture in the arts, sciences and letters have been carefully nurtured to grow and influence the American people and the rest of the world. Yale men founded or were the first presidents of Princeton, Dartmouth, Columbia, Cornell and other colleges. Yale professors influenced men of letters including Noah Webster, James Fenimore Cooper and Sinclair Lewis. Its men of science taught Eli Whit-

ney and Samuel F. B. Morse. It has supplied statesmen, theologians, bishops and diplomats. Yale has weathered many wars and intends to continue to do so, preserving its learning for the generations of young men to come.

The six scholarly faculties are but a handful of representative professors who are leaders in their field of learning. There are many others, present or on leave, teaching one semester art, religion, history and literature. All of them are giving their knowledge to boys so



SEMINAR IN INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS is taught by Arnold Wolfson, a Swiss who once taught in Berlin's Institute of Politics.

One of Yale's most popular teachers, he is now giving a course to Army officers in Washington on the importance of world politics.



ONE OF FEW COMPLETE FONTS of Chinese and Japanese type in the Western world is owned by Yale. It contains 2,000



ALEXANDER PETRUNKEVITCH, Professor of Zoology, knows more about spiders than any man in world. He follows in the tradition of Yale scientists such as Benjamin Silliman and the retired Richard Swann Lull, a famous collector of dinosaurs.



MAURICE EMILE HENRI ROTIVAL, Lecturer in City Planning, is one of the many European professors who have enriched Yale's faculty. He redesigned parts of Paris, Marseilles and Algiers after the last war, is planning the rebuilding of six American cities after this war.



MICHAEL IVANOVICH ROSTOVTEFF, Director of Archaeological Studies, is a famed classical scholar and authority on buried civilizations. He has been responsible for Yale expeditions to, and excavations in, the Near East.

that they will become men who understand the world of the past and will fight for and build a better world of the future.

Like all universities, Yale went through a debunking period after the last war. In the '20's and '30's, it was considered academically fashionable to lecture on the evils of British imperialism and propaganda. After 1945, when European nations refused or became unable to pay their war debts, the university student, influenced by post-war literature and modern history

courses, thought that anyone who fought in a war was a fool. Student publications and opinions were strongly isolationist. The undergraduate of that period had as warped a view of the world and its politics as was his pre-war predecessor's naive and trusting faith. In the late '30's that view started to change. With the influx of men of learning who had been forced to leave Europe or who had left from their own choice, a truer picture evolved. Men such as Arnold Wolters and Nicholas Spykman are today giving Yale students a

background in international relations and the shape of a new geopolitical world so that they may appreciate and understand the ideals for which they are going to fight.

Though Yale's rare books have now been put in vaults for protection against enemy bombs, their spirit is stronger than ever. The truth and knowledge of a free university is one of the finest expressions of a democracy. For them, America is going to win a war, and create a new world in which those ideals may flourish.



520 pieces of type, weighs two tons. Primers in Chinese and Japanese, for use by the Army and Navy, are printed here.



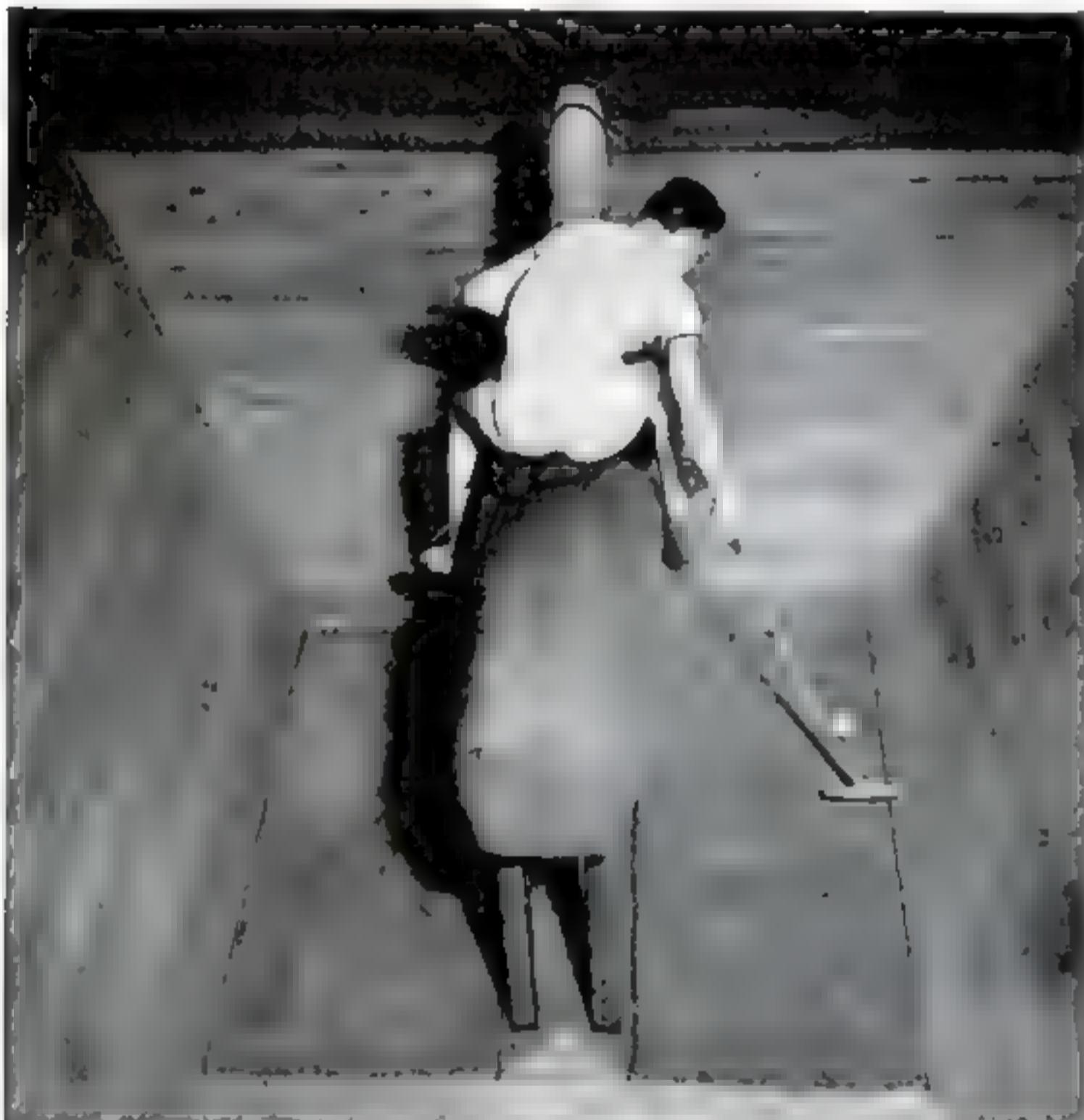
CLASS IN JAPANESE is given to students who have a leaning toward languages. They will act as Government teachers, inter-

preters and translators on graduation. Classes are also given in Chinese, Russian, Malayan and other war-important tongues.

Yale is building strong bodies as well as minds

One of the main points of the Yale Plan is a carefully supervised compulsory physical training program. It is headed by Robert Kiphuth, famous swimming coach who guided America's team in the 1936 Olympics. He has visited Army and Navy centers to find out exactly what muscles should be developed by candidate pilots, sea officers or tank commanders. In the Payne Whitney Gymnasium—largest and finest in the world, he's putting his theories to work—scientifically building up Yale men so they will be physically fit for military life.

The program embraces two types of training—defensive and offensive. Under the defensive half, students build up their bodies by hiking, woodchopping and exercises, learn to swim with mock rifles on their backs, or underwater fully clothed. Offensively they are taught how to handle themselves in rough-and-tumble fighting by jujitsu and boxing. The program does not interfere with regular college sports, which are still extensively played. All the university wants to insure is that its undergraduates are physically as well as mentally trained for the strenuous days ahead.



STUDENT PRACTICES IN THE POLO CAGE. REGULAR SPORTS ARE STILL ACTIVE AT YALE



POPULAR CLASS IN JUJITSU TRAINS MEN TO TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES IN HAND-TO-HAND



ORGANIZED CALISTHENICS properly develop muscles men will need in different branches of the services. The petty officer in the background sees that fledgling Navy officers get well-rounded

training. Flight of stairs at left is part of an obstacle course which students are put through. It includes hurdling obstacles, crawling through boxes, scaling walls and balancing on planks.



FIGHTING. LIKE ARMY TRAINEES, THEY MAY FIND JUJITSU USEFUL IN FUTURE ENCOUNTERS WITH ENEMY JAPS. INSTRUCTOR EDDIE O'DONNELL SOMETIMES HAS TO CAUTION EXUBERANT TRAINEES



SWIMMING UNDERWATER, completely clothed, is taught to future Army and Navy officers in case they are on a torpedoed ship and have to swim to safety under a suffocating seam of oil. They

are also taught to swim with pipes, which have the same weight as rifles, on their backs, are instructed in the art of water-rescue with an improvised stretcher or using regular lifesaver carry.



THE GLEE CLUB holds precommencement practice in Woolsey Hall. Before the war it made one castilian summer concert tour through Europe, once delighted Siberians in Irkutsk, and held a de-

songs. Last year it made a South American tour, singing in Portuguese and Spanish. So good was its work that it was recently praised in the *Progressive Teacher* for preparing Pan-American ties.

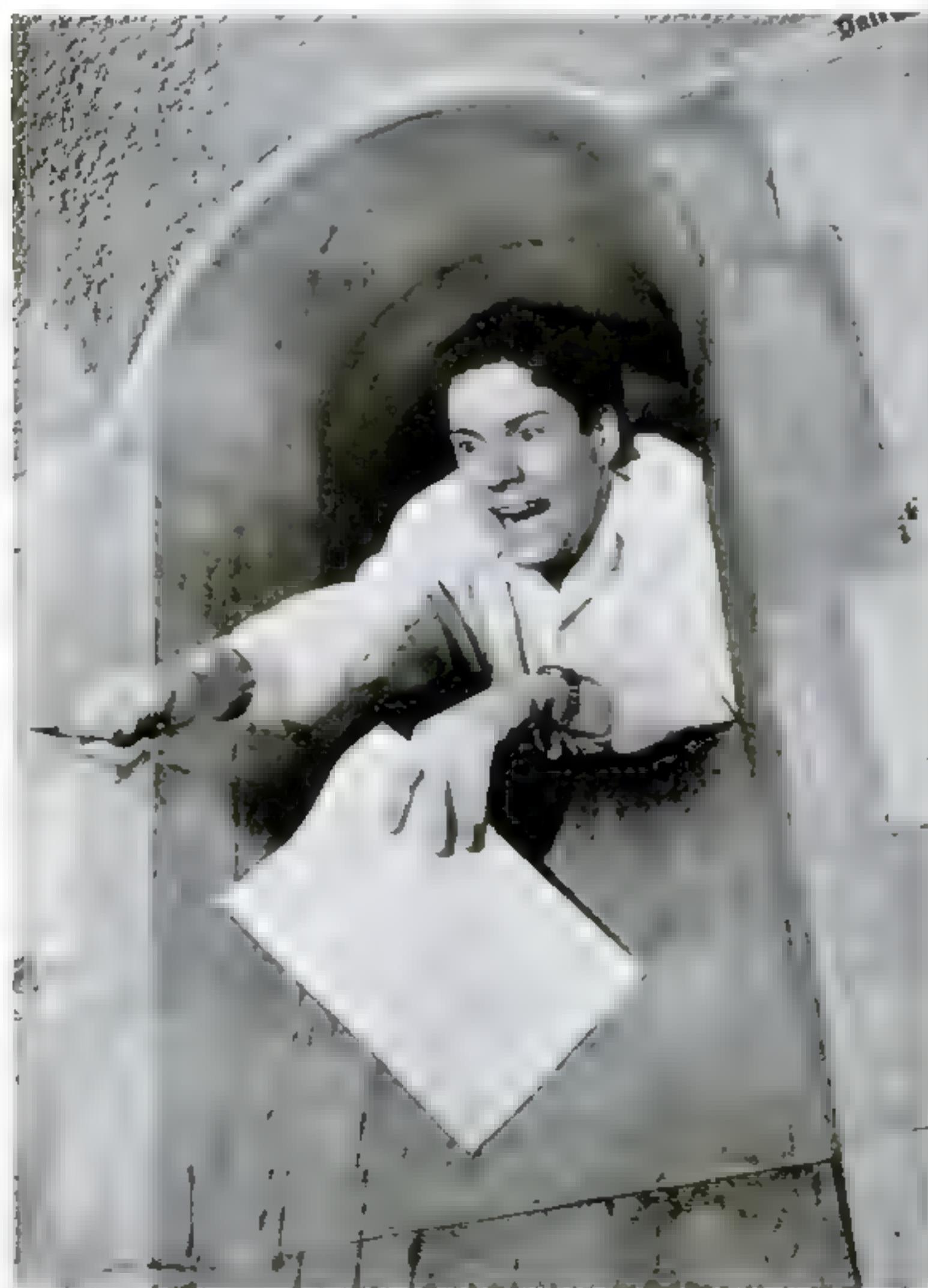
Student organizations are still popular and powerful

Yale men have always been fond of extracurricular activities. Foremost among these are undergraduate publications, which have given early training to many great American writers and journalists. The oldest is the *Yale Literary Magazine*, founded in 1836, affectionately called "The Lit." It is the oldest monthly magazine in the country and has been edited by such men as Archibald MacLeish, Steven Vincent Benét and Thornton Wilder.

The *Yale News*, the oldest college daily, is a well run, informative newspaper. Many of its freshmen "heelers", who have risen by hard work to be editors and important undergraduates, have gone on to influence the American press. The *Record* and *Scientific Magazine* respectively add a light and heavy touch to the opinions of the undergraduate world. Yale men may, and do, debate the principles of a free India in the Political Union or raise their voices in carefree song with the Glee Club (opposite).

The most powerful undergraduate influence at Yale is that of the six secret senior societies, which choose 15 members apiece from the junior class at Tap Day ceremonies in May. To be tapped for one of them is the highest honor that an undergraduate can be given, for they wield enormous influence both within and without the university. Nonresidential fraternities are a dying institution. Many of them have closed in recent years and the remaining ones have been hard hit by Yale's ten residential colleges, which have their own dining halls, common rooms and libraries.

War is having its way with many of these organizations—paper is becoming harder to get for the publications, editors are going to war, and the accelerated schedule will leave little time for anything but studies and military training. But they are things which deserve to be kept alive. For they have fostered many a man who has been a credit, not only to Yale, but to the world.



CALLING FOR A HEELER is a privilege of the managing editor of the *News*. He bellows through this cubby hole in wall and they rush up to fetch him a cup of coffee or take an editorial to the printer.



EDITORS OF "THE LIT" discuss the month's literary contributions. Yale men in the world of letters got their first caustic criticism and served a hard apprenticeship working for the "Old Lady in Brown," a name given to the magazine 100 years ago because of the color of its cover.



A "NEWS" HEELER writes a story, confronted by memorable back issues of the paper. Its board (below) meets once a week to discuss policy. This year's policy is all-out for war. Portrait over the chairman's head is of Briton Hadden, 1919 chairman and co-founder of *Time*.



Yale at War (continued)

Its faith will outlast wars

More than books and men, the bedrock of a university is faith. It is a faith in a way of living, of learning and teaching. Yale was founded in perilous times and when its first war—the American Revolution—came, its teachers and students went off together to fight for their country's freedom. They are doing the same today, moved by an identical faith.

Yale is very lovely in the spring. Its elm trees are in leaf and wisteria and ivy soften the stone of arch and wall. Sunlight highlights the names and carven faces of the university's illustrious dead. All the buildings could be pounded to dust and rubble by bombs, all its books could perish in fire, but as long as Yale's faith remains, its name and fame will endure.



A YOUNG STUDENT LOOKS AT THE STATUE OF ONE OF YALE'S HEROES. IT STANDS IN FRONT OF THE IVIED WALLS OF CONNECTICUT HALL, WHERE NATHAN HALE ONCE LIVED



Students walk across Old Campus,
the architectural and traditional
heart of Yale in the spring sun

CLOSE-UP



General Lewis Hyde Brereton, commander of the U.S. Air Force in India, was the first American to fly over the Burma Road. He is shown here in his office in S. A. F. headquarters in India with a blanket roll called "The Baby,"

in which he had saved from the fall of Java's S. A. F. U.S. troops. The priceless asset of Brereton's forces is that most of them have a ready respect for the Japs in several areas.

B R E R E T O N

On the night of April 2, the Indian moon hung fit and full over the black waters of the Bay of Bengal. Suddenly, roaring out of India across its white serene face, came American Flying Fortresses on a happy mission to the Japanese-held Andaman Islands. At any rate, the leader of the flight, Major General Lewis Hyde Brereton, thought it a happy mission, for hours later when it was completed he stepped out of the cockpit of his B-17, wearing a broad and beaming grin.

"Boys," he announced warmly, "bombing Japs makes me feel *damned* nice!"

But this mission was not, like for a more important reason than that it put Pilot Brereton into a richly cheerful humor—or even that it was the first U.S. bombing flight on record to be led by a general officer. This mission's historic importance lies in the fact that it marked America's decisive entrance into the war in the Far East—the first time American bombers, flown by American pilots under American command and flag, had struck against the Jap in the China theater of war. Since that day, Brereton's Indian-based bombers have hit often and hard in the Burma area.

In terms of the defense of India itself, the importance of air power is clear to everyone. But it was not in terms of *defense* that General Brereton and the men in Washington were thinking when Brereton went to India three months ago. They were thinking in terms of attack. The men in Washington knew then that if the Allies in the Far East are ever to get off the defensive and take the offensive, the cardinal requirement was the building up of a large air force in one place in the Far East where it could be built up now is India. Many of them still feel that, in the final analysis, the Battle for the Pacific will not be a *viscously* war, but that an air striking power has been assembled in India that can operate of decisive force. Chinese bases, not only to hammer at the Japs in that theater, but to



A tough little American air general alights in India to build an air force that will fight the Japanese on even terms and lead the way to victory

by CLARE BOOTHE

strike out across the China Sea at the industrial heart of Japan itself

Three months ago the building up of just such an air force was entrusted to a stocky, black-haired man, 5 ft. 6 in. of soldier, once called by his intimates, with conscious libel and affection, "Looie, dot dope." Dignity of rank if not age (51) has changed this gleeful nickname into simply "General Looie." Brereton commands a U. S. Air Force with headquarters at Delhi. In late February, when General Brereton landed in an LB-30 at Colombo, Ceylon, flying out of Java, that Air Force was entirely nonexistent. There were several American military missions in the Near and Far East in those days. There were Major General Russell Maxwell and Brigadier General Elmer Adler in Cairo, Brigadier General "Spec" Wheeler in Basra, Brigadier General John Magruder in Chungking. Lieutenant General Joseph Stilwell, today Brereton's commander in chief, was still on his way from America to become Chiang Kai-shek's chief of staff. But none of these generals commanded American troops or American combat units. Colonel Chennault, commanding the American Volunteer Group in defense of the Burma Road, was under Chinese operational direction. All American combat planes shipped or ferried via Africa and India were still being parceled out under lease-lend to the Allies in designated Near and Far Eastern war theaters. The arrival of General Brereton in India changed all that instantly. Today pilots, personnel, planes, matériel are coming in increasing quantities directly from the U. S. by ship and by U. S. ferry routes out across Africa and India, to fight under American colors. Planes are being erected to be turned over, as required, to the A. V. G. Supplies and planes are being ferried and transported to the Chinese. Now that Burma is gone, supplying Chiang Kai-shek's armies by air transport becomes of prime importance.

General Brereton came to his Indian command the hard way. He came not out from Washington, but out of the besieged Philippines on the wings of a long and losing battle. The story of his coming to India is the modern *Odyssey* of an American Airman. That odyssey began on the night of Dec. 8, 1941 on the island of Luzon.

* * *

In the small hours of Dec. 8, under the wide tropical skies of Luzon, everyone at No. 9 Military Plaza in Manila was sleeping—soundly perhaps, but not peacefully.

It had been a week of dreadful conjecture and feverish preparation. War tension had been growing for a month in the Pacific. The armed forces of the Philippines had been on the alert at their battle stations for a week. And on Dec. 5 a signal had come: "War is inevitable." General MacArthur, if not prepared with what it took, was ready with what he had.

At 3:30 a.m. a telephone rang next to the bed of General Brereton, then commander of MacArthur's Far East Air Forces. Instantly awake, as though he had been waiting up for this very call for hours, Brereton answered. It was MacArthur's chief of staff, Richard Sutherland.

"Brereton? Awake?"

"Yop."

"Well, we've got what you've been looking for. They've just bombed Pearl Harbor. Come down to headquarters. . . ."

In the dim shadows of his blacked-out headquarters at No. 1 Calle Victoria, among the many stanchioned regimental flags that lined his office, General MacArthur was pacing, pacing. The hour he had both feared and faced for seven years had come. And MacArthur knew that in modern warfare, the first blood must be drawn by or from U. S. air forces. Half of Brereton's 36 Flying Fortresses had already been dis-

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



LONGINES
*the most honored
watch for a
SOLDIER*

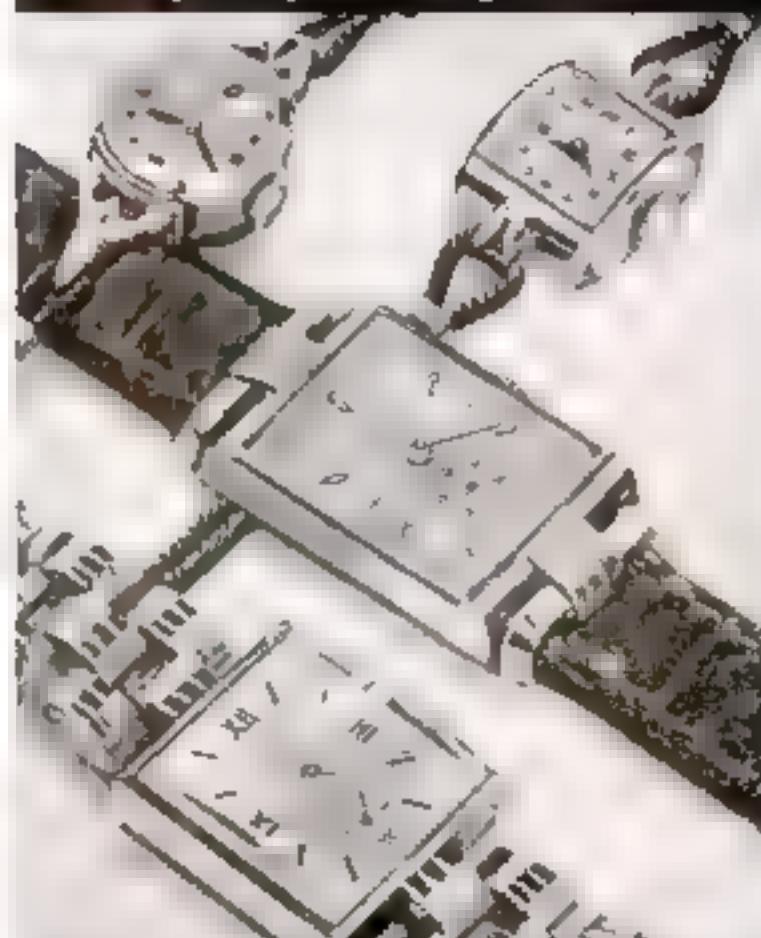


The Longines Convoy model shown here is greatly enlarged to an ideal watch for the man in service. It is larger than most dress watches, but extremely thin. The case is stainless steel, the dial is gun metal; hands and figures are luminous. It is priced at \$62.50.

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In war or peace a fine watch is a priceless possession. For more than three-quarters of a century Longines watchmakers have concentrated on the single problem of making fine watches better and better. The Longines movement, the beating heart of every Longines Watch is work of incredible precision. Ten world's fair grand prizes and 28 gold medals have been awarded Longines Watches for excellence and elegance. And they have won more honors for accuracy than any other timepiece. Longines Watches are sold by authorized Longines-Wittnauer jewelers. These jewelers also sell the Wittnauer Watch, a companion line of outstanding value, moderately priced from \$27.50—product of Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co., Inc., New York, Montreal, Geneva.

Longines Watches have won 10 world's fair grand prizes, 28 gold medals.



Illustrated: Longines "Triad" (top left) \$15.50; World's Fair LA (top right) \$67.50; World's Fair strap (center) \$67.50; Hall of Fame men's bracelet \$82.50

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MOTHPROOFS FOR
A WHOLE YEAR...

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Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



Behind General MacArthur, awarding two Distinguished Service Crosses for heroism to a Filipino and a U.S. Airman in Manila Dec. 20, stands his air chief, General Brereton

BRERETON (continued)

persed to secret fields. But the other half lay on Clark Field, their sleek powerful forms growing more visible from the air by the minute. Soon the red sun would be coming up, perhaps to the accompaniment of Japanese thunder—out of Formosa, cross the bay. For four nerve-racking hours Brereton motored from field to field, seeing that all was in readiness for the attack he and MacArthur felt was inevitable.

It takes time to load bombs and you don't take off a bombing squadron the way you doff your hat to a pretty girl on a Sunday morning. At 10:20 Brereton's planes were still loading when, from every direction, it seemed, swarms of Japanese planes came in over Clark Field: first a wave of high bombardment, then the nose divers, then the ground strafers, the Zero fighters. When they had gone and come again, and gone and come again, three times, there lay on Clark Field, destroyed beyond repair, twelve of Brereton's precious Flying Fortresses. And in the air battles that had ensued, one complete pursuit squadron had been destroyed. The loss in crews and pilots was another and far more tragic story. There was little air raid protection for Clark Field—anti-aircraft guns which had been shipped to the Philippines were in needed service elsewhere. The crews, unable to get their planes up through the ground strafing, had sat heroically in their exposed cockpits, manning their machine guns. After the attack a lot of them still sat there, forever motionless.

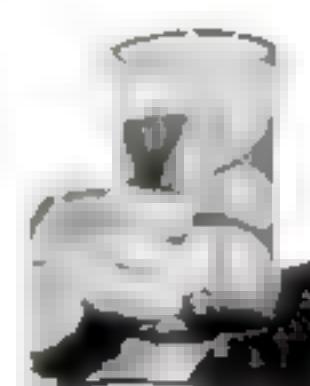
Brereton's bombers faced long odds

Plane by plane, inexorably, Brereton's forces were whittled out of the skies over Luzon. He did what he could to offset the enemy's enormous numerical superiority. He kept his big bombers in the air all day long, taking off at dawn, when they bombed transports and enemy landing parties, coming in only at night. But morning, noon and night, not only were all the pursuit fields that Japs could locate bombed, but every open field was raked with machine-gun fire. Clark Field had been taken out the day the battle began. Radio directional finders on the Islands had been put out of business almost at once by the Japanese. Gradually engines wore out, there were no replacements, pursuit pilots were being shot down, oxygen ran short.

Brereton saw that his air force ought to be withdrawn from the Islands to some place south where it could perhaps function in their defense more effectively. In the middle of December he drew up an estimate of the situation for MacArthur. And MacArthur agreed that this slow annihilation of men and planes was futile. He ordered Brereton to retire with his available planes to Australia, from where he could still operate in support of the Philippines. Brereton, who with 130 million other Americans shares the hero worship of MacArthur, at this point offered to stay himself—and to revert to his original role of an artilleryman, on Bataan Peninsula. It was a gallant gesture. But MacArthur was too canny a general to accept it. He knew that Brereton had now gotten what it takes a general to win a war—bitter experience in battle. And he saw quite clearly that one day this experience was going to be particularly valuable—in taking back the Philippines.

At 1:30 a.m. on Christmas Day, Brereton, Major Norman Lewellen, his A.D.C., Brigadier General Brady and Colonel Eubank, his bomber command chief, with their baggage strapped to their backs,

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McLAGLEN**
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For the body is a miraculous machine. Yet it operates in much the same way as do the wonderful machines man has created. Fuel in the form of food is "burned" within the body to provide all the energy mankind expends in activity.

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and to the diets of children. Throughout life, it is the one sugar the body uses directly for energy.

Many of America's finest foods now contain Dextrose. Food processors have found that this pure white, crystalline sugar generally improves the quality, flavor, texture and food value of their products. Whenever you buy foods labeled "*Enriched with Dextrose*", you may be assured of added enjoyment and genuine food-energy value.

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It covers your car from stem-to-stern.
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the sure way to care for your car
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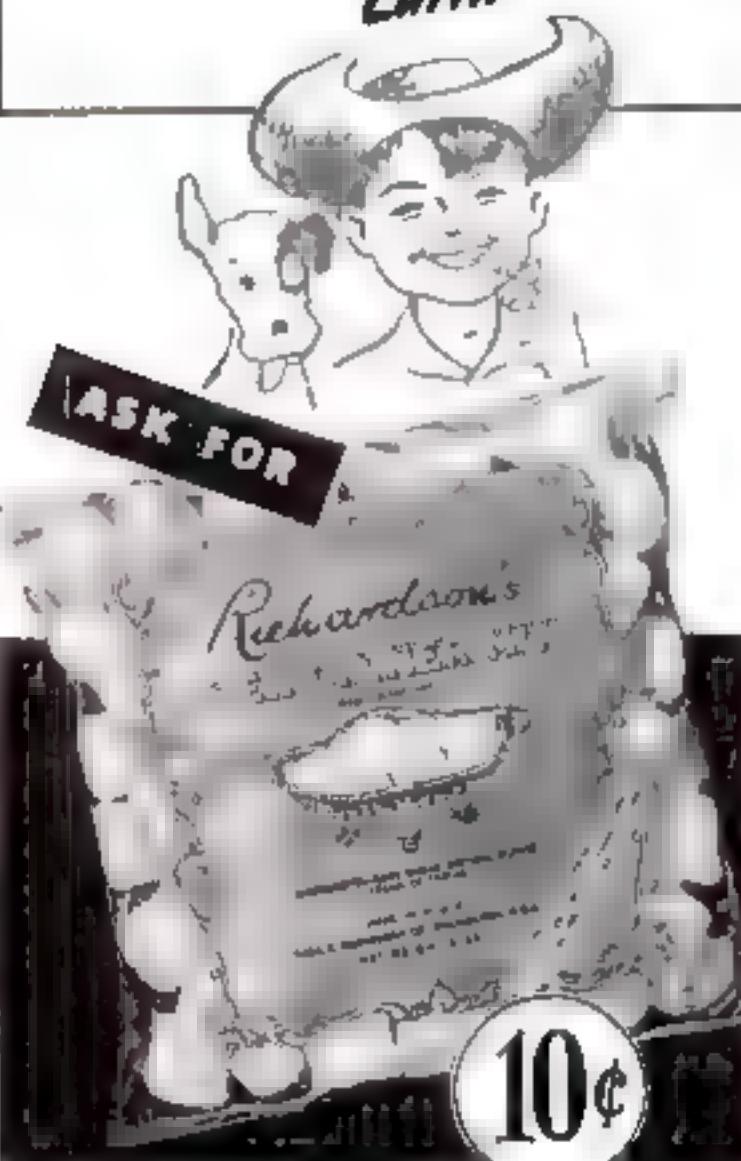
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BRERETON (continued)

took off for Java. On the way they flew at an altitude of 10,000 ft. And as they had left the ground dripping with perspiration and caked with wet mud, carrying nothing but tropical clothing, they all promptly became candidates for double pneumonia. It was not the least miracle of that trip that, when they landed in Soerabaja, none of them even had the sniffles. They shaved, dressed and sent Christmas cables home. By noon Brereton was in conference with General Ilgen, local commander of the Dutch Army, as to how his remnant air force might, in cooperation with the Dutch, go on operating in defense of Luzon. There followed for Brereton hectic trips to Bandung to consult with Lieutenant General ter Poorten, and to Darwin and Townsville to consult with the Australian authorities. He was bombed in every Javanese city he put into for conferences. And, as from MacArthur on Corregidor, there went from Brereton to the men back home urgent appeals for reinforcements via Australia. By the time the first planes had begun to arrive across the long reaches of the Pacific, Java was already in jeopardy. Most Javanese fields could not support the heavy Flying Fortresses. Brereton recalls one field in Java which was entirely covered with grass. "After a plane took off," he said, "the field looked like Meadowbrook between chukkers—with a hundred coolies rushing out to replace the divots." The insane story had begun to repeat itself: Too little and too late—but for the first time it bore an American trademark. In spite of the fullest cooperation of the valiant Dutch, there were not enough supplies, emergency fields, bases or ground forces to use against paratroops. Daily, the only three Javanese fields Brereton had were attacked. And out of captured Palembang and Makassar the Japs had begun to lambast Soerabaja itself.

U. S. pilots lacked experience

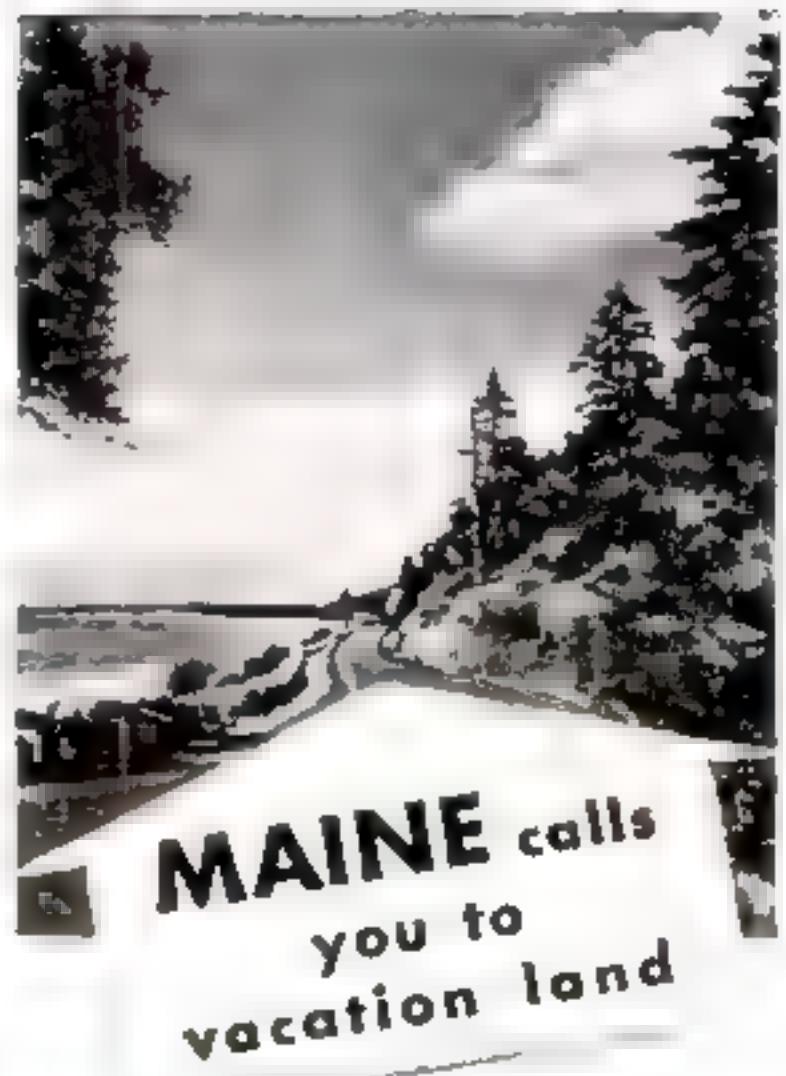
American pilots, fresh from American schools, had to be hurried piecemeal into battles against veterans. "The Japs poured into battle," the general says, "and we had to dribble, dribble, dribble." At no time in the battle of Java was Brereton operating with full and battle-trained squadrons. Whole squadrons were shot down while ferrying over the sea—with no gas left to fight or run. Of the heroism of these green pilots, of the superb stamina and gallantry of his own veterans who had flown the skies over Luzon, sometimes staying in the air ten hours a day, landing only to refuel, servicing their own planes on the field, facing as they well knew odds so vast that every day they survived was a sheer gift of a whimsical heaven—of this Brereton does not often speak now. When he does, the tough, hard-boiled general suddenly finds he has to blow his nose so hard that in the end he must leave the room. It's better not to speak to him at all of ground troops and crews and pursuit pilots he had to leave behind, manning machine guns on Bataan, and of the pilots he lost in the flaming skies over the China seas. They were so young, so gay and dauntless in the face of that Yellow Death that it "just burns me up, night and day," says the General.

On Feb. 17, General Brereton and General George Brett (U. S. deputy commander in chief in the Southwest Pacific Command) met in GHQ at Lembang to discuss the situation. They agreed it was deteriorating even more rapidly than anyone could analyze it. No sooner had the loudly hailed ABDACOM (American-British-Dutch-Australian Command) been formed on Feb. 6 than events themselves

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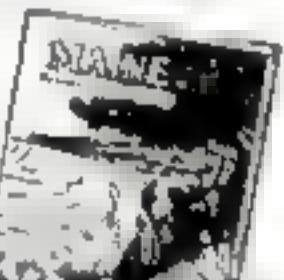
Brereton's own photograph of one of his four-motored Flying Fortresses tragically burning on the ground at Java's concrete-surfaced Andir airfield at Bandung, Feb. 17.



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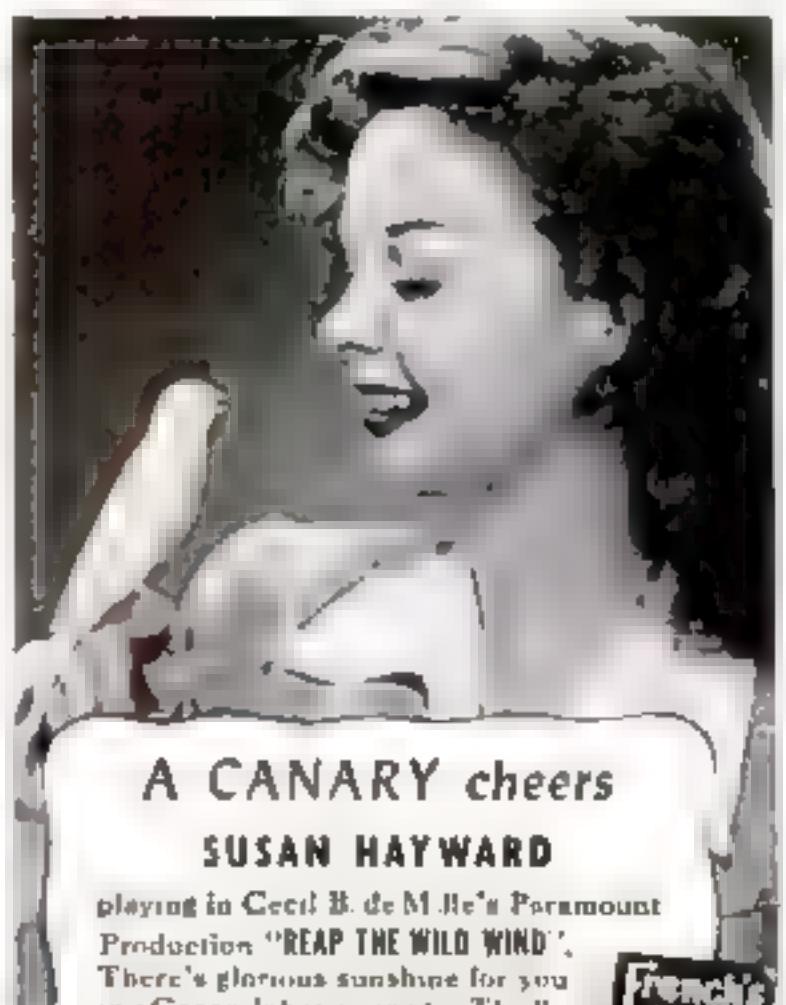
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MOO-ST CERTAINLY YES.
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"Goodness, are there two *more*?" gasped the D. H.

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ice cream you ever snacked a lip at!"

"Wonderful," agreed the D. H., "but I suppose it's a lot of trouble to make."

"Then suppose some more," laughed Elsie. "because it's no trouble at all. Just follow the magic recipe in the folder on every can. For most flavors you won't even have to add sugar because Eagle Brand is milk *plus* sugar. And thrifty! Why, even the most budget-minded husbands positively *beam!* Good heavens, what . . ."

"This," smiled the No-longer-dubious Housewife, "is when the lady kisses the cow!"

Magic Strawberry Ice Cream
(For Automatic Refrigerator)

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water 1 cup crushed strawberries
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Mix Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and water. Add strawberries, sweetened with sugar. (Average strawberries require about $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar.) Chill. Whip cream to custard-like consistency. Fold into chilled mixture. Freeze in freezing tray of refrigerator until half-frozen. Scrape from freezing tray and beat until smooth but not melted. Replace in freezing unit until frozen. Serves 6.



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BRERETON (continued)

began to dictate its dissolution. On Feb. 24, Washington and London ordered General Wavell and the British to retire from Java to Burma and India, and the Americans to Australia. Anticipating this situation at their meeting, Brereton and Brett reached a momentous decision, which Washington instantly ratified. It was decided that Brett would take over what was left of Brereton's air forces coming out of Java, and that Brereton himself should proceed to India, there to begin building up an American Air Force which could one day strike at Japan through China.

Thus, on the night of Feb. 24, the very day ABDACOM was dissolved, General Brereton boarded an LB-30 out of Jogjakarta, Java, and came the next morning to Ceylon. Two days later in Delhi, he sat down to consider his assets. They were nothing but the faith of Washington in his judgment and, above all, his own experience and the experience of the men who had followed him from Java a few days after. Among his staff members and combat pilots there were 14 Distinguished Flying Crosses, ten Purple Hearts and enough "silver stars" to spatter Old Glory itself—all won since the night their joint odyssey had begun in December in the Philippines.

Delhi is hot and overcrowded

Instantly upon his arrival in hot Delhi, General Brereton and his staff began to make of what was almost a self-appointed mission, an important military potential in the Battle of Asia. He took over for his temporary headquarters a string of cement and plaster offices in the R. A. F. buildings, within a stone's throw of the Viceroy's Kubla-Khanish palace. There, under the slow whirling punkas, he began the vast administrative job of assembling, from 12,000 miles away, fighting, ferrying and air-cargo services under the American flag in India, an impossible and hopeless job, he claims, if at the other end of "the long hop" he was not being so truly guided and abetted by the Ferry Command and the War Department in Washington. General Brereton lives in a high-ceilinged comfortable two-room suite in the swank Imperial Hotel in Delhi. His prize possession is destined to be an air-conditioning machine sent to him by General Motors officials in Bombay. In Delhi in the summer the thermometer often stands at a temperature of 115°. In order to secure this suite and additional rooms for his staff in Delhi, overcrowded with the British military and political, Brereton was forced to request the Viceroy, Lord Linlithgow, to requisition the rooms from British residents who rather openly resented being ousted by "those Americans." With such complacency Brereton has small patience. And in Delhi, in spite of the fact that it is the capital and the military headquarters of British India, complacency is unfortunately still rampant among the British, American and Indian civilian residents.

In Delhi far too many people still dress for dinner, give large cocktail, lawn and dinner parties and altogether live the life of the peacetime colonial. Although there are few men fonder of a "good time" than the General, one of his first orders to his staff was a colorfully worded warning against what he called "Delhi-dallying." He makes it a point to accept no invitations to dine out which are not "official." But to his consternation, in Delhi this still lets him in for a lot of lawn parties with Indian nabobs, jeweled and turbaned maharajas and polo-playing British officialdom. His aide says there is a short stormy scene every time he is forced to get out of his "bush jacket"



Brereton's secretary is Mrs. Doris Jepson, blonde wife of a Firestone Tire official. She fines him a tupee for every British expression he uses, has collected on two "Rightos."

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

BRERETON (continued)

and shorts and into a formal jacket and trousers for these functions. He feels that he should have been allowed to say farewell to all that for good in Manila.

He is not in any sense, however, "anti-British." When any criticism of the British military effort in the Middle or Far East is made in his presence, he says sharply: "We've got no right to pass judgment. Wait until we have faced the same problems. We've still got to prove we can handle the headaches they've handled any better. And on the record, except in the Philippines, where have we so far smeared ourselves with glory? We've shown nothing yet that stacks up to the Battle of Britain."

Brereton's reputation among his own men is for being tough, hard-boiled, and a "terrific driver." Bomber Pilot Combs tells an illustrative story of the General's "hard-boiledness," during the raid which he led over the Andaman Islands. As they sighted their target, a transport ship, the bombardier let go. A second later, he thrust his blond young head up into the cockpit, chortling with pardonable pride, "Oh, boy! I made a direct hit!" Whereupon General Brereton instantly clapped his square hand on the young bombardier's curly head, and shoving him back down into the bombpit, snarled, "Get back down there you little so-and-so and make another!" Two weeks later, when Brereton was pinning silver stars on the boys who had taken part in this raid, he was seen to wink heavily when he pinned the decoration on the chest of the young bombardier.

Brereton has an extraordinarily rich vocabulary, swearing in three or four languages. To this gift for cussing is added an appropriate temper, and the first ten minutes of his morning staff meetings are generally devoted to a brimstone coverage of staff delinquencies. The rest of the time he makes cool and thoughtful sense. He thinks well and rapidly on his feet, talks in a rasping, somewhat "tough" voice, though using a vocabulary which while not exactly "literary" is far more flexible and rich than is usually associated with the speech of professional American soldiers. His conversation is remarkable for another reason: he seldom uses the pronoun I—preferring to refer to himself as "Lewis Brereton."

Yet he is no brass-hat martinet. Famous already is the staff conference at which, having "eaten the ears off" three junior officers for work left undone the previous day, he rose, walked to the door and thundered, "Work, work—night and day, that's the only way we're going to win this war!" and then suddenly turned on his heel and snapped, "And another thing—who the hell forgot to reserve us that tennis court between 5 and 6 last evening?"

He confesses to one nonmilitary ambition in India. "I'd give my eyeteeth to shoot a Bengal tiger." He has been asked a half-dozen times to do so by Indian nabobs, but has refused. "Can't risk it," he says. "If I go tiger-shooting this week, the Japs might get Brereton-shooting next week . . ."

* * *

Lewis H. Brereton was born in Pittsburgh, June 21, 1890, the second son of William Denny Brereton, a brilliant and successful mining engineer, and a fourth-generation American of Irish and English ancestry whose forebears had fought in every war since the French and Indian Wars. His mother, Helen Hyde, was in one way a



At Annapolis, rambunctious Brereton marked time waiting to get into the Army.



His brother is Captain William D. Brereton, now U. S. naval attaché in Argentina.

rather remarkable woman. A middle-class English girl of High Church convictions, she displayed few of the strait-laced characteristics associated with a mid-Victorian Episcopalian English background. Gay, fun-loving, indulgent, she made the Brereton home in Annapolis, Md. a rendezvous for all the young people in the neighborhood. From his mother Lewis inherited his merry party-loving streak, and from his father his quick analytical mind, his sense of humor and his choleric. Describing what manner of man his father was, the General says, "Well, whenever my brother Bill and I get together our first drink is to 'the old man.'"

After attending St. John's College at Annapolis, Lewis entered the competitive examinations for West Point and Annapolis. Though his preference was Army, coming out second best in the exams he had to take "what was left"—in this case the Naval Academy which he entered in 1907. His brother Bill, today naval attaché in Buenos Aires, graduated in 1908. During Lewis' four years in the Academy he did not, it seems, overly distinguish himself except, as he says, "by spending an unusual amount of time in confinement" and having the best time that any Annapolis cadet ever had. To date, Brereton's class of 1911 has not proved itself one of the notable classes. It does not boast even one admiral. "But give 'em time," Brereton says, "the lads are still young." By a strange coincidence its most distinguished alumnus turns out to be Two-Star Soldier Brereton.

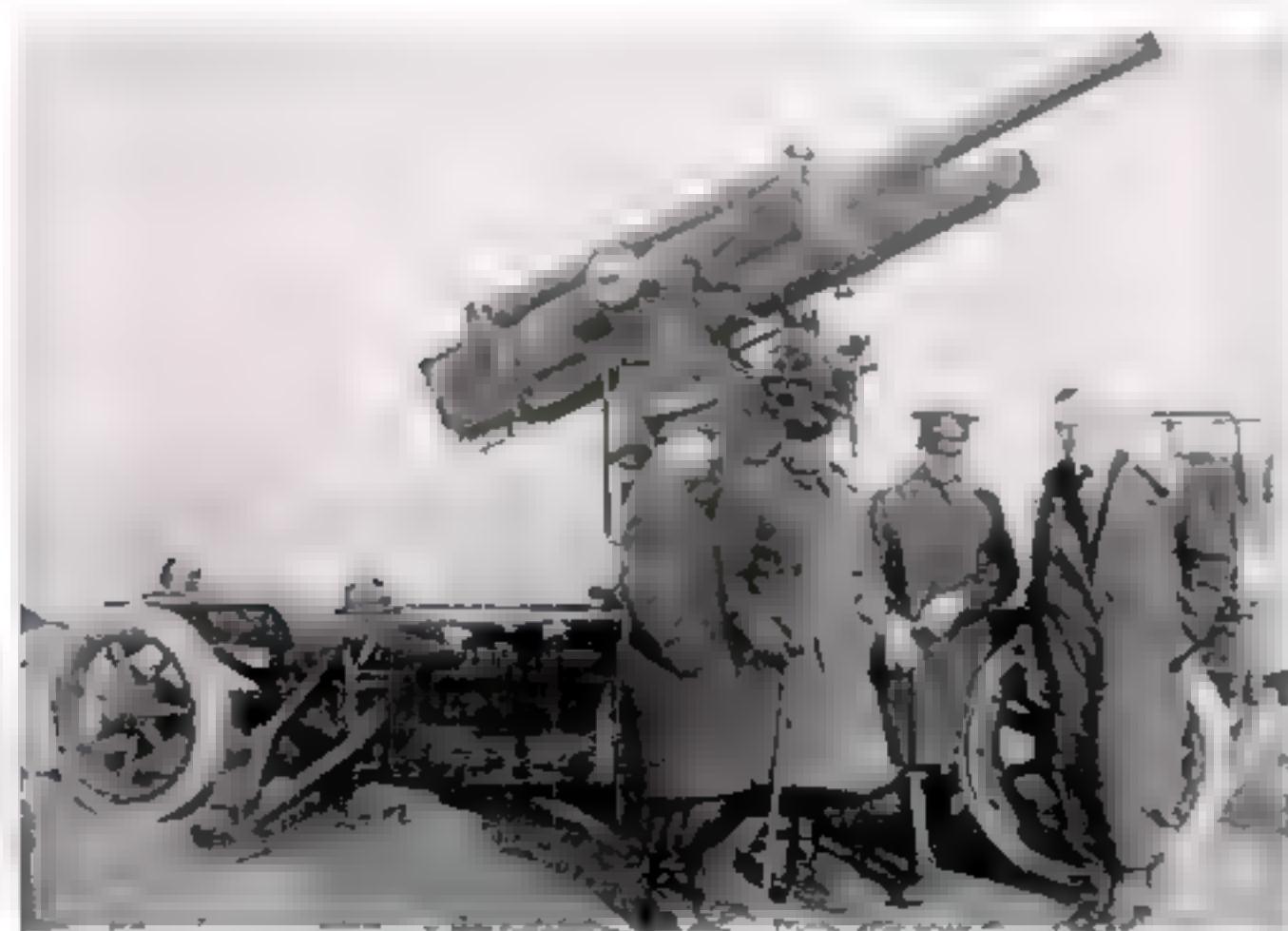
Brereton started with the Navy

A peculiar military situation prevailed at the time Lewis Brereton graduated from Annapolis. In 1911 there were some extra ensigns graduated while, owing to one of those all-too-rare periods in America of Army expansion, there was a shortage of second lieutenants. In the fall of 1911 Lewis happily resigned from the Navy and entered the Army, a shavetail coast artilleryman. He considers it the most natural thing in the world that a year later when the Signal Corps became interested in aviation he transferred to the infant air wing of the U. S. Army. For the next few years he flew around in a Curtiss pusher. In October 1917 he went overseas with 80 other air officers under the command of Brigadier General Benny D. Foulois. He served first with a French squadron near Verdun. In March 1918 he took command of his own squadron, the Twelfth Observation Squadron. It was during these days that he won the Distinguished Service Cross and the Purple Heart. Asked how he got the former he says, "Trying like hell to get home when some Huns got in the way." He does not add how many Germans he shot down to reach his cherished objective. Of the Purple Heart awarded to him when he was shot down at St. Mihiel he says, "You rate it for being dope enough to intercept an enemy bullet." Of his other decorations, the Legion of Honor, the Croix de Guerre with three palms, the Victory Medal with six stars and a number of others from Allied governments, he says, "There weren't enough of these things handed out—everybody deserved them."

Young Brereton was that rarest of combinations: a gallant and daring fighter and a man with a "staff mind." In late July of 1918 he became chief of aviation of the First Army Corps under General Hunter Liggett. Until February when he returned from the Rhine-land with the Army of Occupation, he was on the late Billy Mitchell's staff.

Asked by an insistent interviewer if he remembered any long,

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



"Billy" Mitchell (with cane) at 1925 aircraft demonstration at Fort Monroe, Va. Young Brereton is smiling at right of him. At extreme right is a congressman in flying suit.

"Two Good Seats for This Show"



PHIL: I'm sitting this one out. Tell me, active man, are those sparsé panties of yours as comfortable as my "BREEX"! These free-flowing shorts never bunch, twist or bunch...bend out, you know...with room to spare. Munsingwear® makes 'em.

KEN: My boy, your ignorance is colossal. Munsingwear makes these streamlined SKIT-Shorts, too, and gives them the easiest-going seat you ever felt. "STRETCHY-SEAT"! they call it...a special panel knitted to stretch up and down. Talk about comeback!



PHIL: And let me come back at you with another prize exhibit. Gaze at the Athletic Shirt on my manly chest. It's another keen Munsingwear job for guys on the go...fits close to the skin...cut free as a breeze.

KEN: This is no strait-jacket I'm climbing into. "SKIT-Shirt," says the Munsingwear label. It's made to order for SKIT-Shorts...tucks in without bulking...knitted to give with every quiver. Check!



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FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

It Needs No Brush Not Greasy or Sticky

Modern life now demands at least 1 man in 7 shave *every day*—and men in service must get clean shaves, too. Yet daily shaving often causes razor scrape, irritation.

To help men solve this problem, we perfected Glider—a rich, soothing cream. It's like your wife's "vanishing cream"—not greasy or sticky.

SMOOHS DOWN SKIN

You first wash your face thoroughly with hot water and soap to remove grit and the oil from the skin that collects on whiskers every 24 hours. Then spread on Glider quickly and easily with your fingers. Never a brush. Instantly Glider smooths down the flaky top layer of your skin. It enables the razor's sharp edge to glide over your skin, cutting your whiskers close and clean without scraping or irritating the skin.

ESPECIALLY FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

For men who must shave *every day*—doctors, lawyers, businessmen, service men—Glider is invaluable. It eliminates the dangers frequent shaving may have for the tender face and leaves your skin smoother, cleaner. Glider has been developed by The J. B. Williams Co., who have been making fine shaving preparations for over 100 years.

SEND FOR GUEST-SIZE TUBE

If you want to try Glider right away, get a regular tube from your dealer. If you can wait a few days, however, we'll send a generous Guest Size tube for only a dime and any used metal tube. It is enough for three weeks and is very handy for traveling.

On this test we rest our case entirely—for we are positive that Glider will give you more shaving comfort than anything you've used.

Send your name and address with ten cents and a used tube to The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. CG-10, Glastonbury, Conn. Offer good in U. S. A. and Canada only.

Garrett B. Hubbard
PRESIDENT

BRERETON (continued)

fascinating and prophetic conversations with Billy Mitchell on the subject of "airpower in the future," Brereton replies tersely, "Plenty." Asked "And what did you say?" he answers with an enormous grin, "Who me? I said, 'Yes sir' and 'No sir.' Mostly I just listened."

Years later Brereton was one of Mitchell's three associate counsels at his trial. Brereton, questioned about this unhappy occasion, puts on his "dead-pan" face, his large brown eyes normally snapping with life grow dull and he allows his eyelids to fall over them wearily. He does not like to discuss it. Pressed, he explodes, "Mitchell was guilty, all right, of the charge he was ostensibly court-martialed on, insubordination—an attitude calculated to cause the public to lose faith in the judgment of high Army officials. He believed that military men who didn't realize the importance of the air had no right to breathe it in America. But of his air-mindedness, time has wholly vindicated him. . . ."

With the end of the war the young flier got a pleasant new assignment. From 1920 to 1922 he was air attaché in Paris under Ambassadors Myron Herrick and Hugh Wallace. He learned to speak fairly流利 French with a good Parisian accent, acquired a taste for fine wines and good food which has never deserted him. In 1922 Brereton returned to the U. S. to command the Third Attack Group at Kelly Field. In 1933 he had married Miss Helen Willis of Milwaukee, by whom he has two children—a son, Lewis Brereton Jr., now practicing law in Charlottesville, N. C., and a daughter Betty, married to Lieutenant Charles Lord, a naval aviator. In 1939 the Breretons were amicably divorced and in 1931 the General married a girl 16 years his junior who is now living in San Antonio and answers to the cool and delightful name of "Icy."

The years between 1922 and 1940 were not otherwise eventful for the man who at 28 had been a lieutenant colonel. After he returned to the U. S., he also returned to being a major, and a major he stayed all through the 15 years when he was instructing at the Air Corps tactical school at Langley Field, commanding the second bombing group, studying at Leavenworth, instructing in the Field Artillery School at Fort Sill, and when sent out by Benny Foulois to do a four-year Panama tour in command of the Panama Air Depot and France Field. In 1935 he was again made a lieutenant colonel. By the outbreak of World War II he had been made a full colonel. Now it became apparent that this galvanic, laughing man with the sharp and sometimes overly frank tongue, whose "cockiness" and individuality had often bordered on the dangerous fringes of insubordination, was nevertheless one of the few highly qualified U. S. experts on aerial bombardment.

In 1939 it was half suspected that aerial bombardment was a tactic that somewhat interested the Germans but by the time of the blitz it became painfully evident that it was going to be their all-year-round favorite outdoor sport for the duration. Brereton was upped to a brigadier. In July 1941 the next step followed, and Brereton was given his second star, with command of the Third Air Force at Tampa, Fla. In November he was sent out to command Lieutenant General MacArthur's Far Eastern Air Force.

When the General left by Pan American Clipper out of San Francisco he was a "pure soldier," one of the few generals in the U. S. Army who had never "gotten mixed up in Washington politics." Recently on the Burma-China front at Toungoo, he comforted a disgruntled brother officer, saying, "There are lots of fellows who envy you boys out here. Do you realize that geographically you're as far away from Washington, D. C. as it's possible to get?"

When Brereton landed in the Philippine Islands he was "pure" in another sense too. Like nine out of ten generals he was still totally innocent of the true nature of aerial combat battle, in spite of the fact that he had had a distinguished World War I flying record. But the war in the air in 1918 and the war in the air now, Brereton would be the first to tell you, are totally different things. Since Dec. 8, 1941 Brereton claims he has learned more about modern air war first-hand than he had learned in all his 51 years' experience.

When General Brereton landed in India from Java, he firmly resolved never again to commit his forces to battle until he had built up sufficient strength so that they would have an equal chance against the enemy. "No more dribbles for me," he swore and then added with a grim laugh, "Though if things get too hot for the A. V. G. and R. A. F. I may have to leak a leadle." But today, whether Brereton's bombers are being "committed in force" in the Battle of India or whether they are "leaking a leadle," General Loire has not changed his mind about one thing—that his odyssey has just begun because, he says, he is really on his way to the Philippines and to Tokyo.

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Sincere and conscientious craftsmanship, allied with sound American engineering, are today, as they always have been the guiding principles that have made Rollfast an honored name wherever bicycles are
KEEP 'EM ROLLING
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ROLLFAST BUILDING
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Sherry Delight
1/2 Great Western Sherry
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(18% Alc. by Vol.)
Dash of Bitters and
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One of the many reasons for the appreciation of delicious cocktails by guests as well as hosts is that Great Western American Wines, with their superior and exclusive values, make smart, inexpensive drinks.
Always well-formed and obviously
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Casualty—1,000 miles from the enemy

ALMOST as fatal as a bullet or a shell is the breakdown in the spirit of a sailor or a soldier.

Our men have the finest fighting spirit in the world. But it must be maintained in the American way.

They must not be made to feel that they are mere automatons, fighting machines, as the men in the armed forces of the dictators have been made to feel.

Life in our navy and army is hard. Discipline is tough. It must be. But there also

must be moments when the sailor or soldier is treated as Mr. Somebody-or-other.

That's where the USO comes in. For the USO is the banding together of six great agencies to serve one great purpose—to see that our boys in the camps and naval stations have a place to go, to turn to, a "home away from home."

The duties of the USO have more than doubled during the past year. Its field of operations has been enlarged to include almost the entire face of the globe.

To carry on its all-important work, it needs funds. It needs your contribution. No matter how small you make that contribution, it needs it. Now.

You are beset by requests for help on all sides. By all means, try to meet those requests. But among them, be sure not to neglect the USO.

Send your contribution to your local USO committee, or to USO, National Headquarters, Empire State Building, New York.

Give to the **USO**

Life Goes to a Party



SQUATTING AROUND A CAMPFIRE IN THE DARK NIGHT ON THE CAMPUS OF TEXAS STATE COLLEGE FOR WOMEN, FOLKLORE LOVERS LISTEN TO J. FRANK DOBIE (CENTER) TELL

Life Goes to a Fall Tales Session in Texas

No State gives so much time to talking about itself as Texas does and a favorite subject for Texastalk is Texas folklore. Early in May, some Texans got together at Texas State College for Women in Denton for the purpose of swapping tall stories. They were the Texas Folk Lore Society in 28th annual meeting. They listened to the opening talk on "Feud'n" by "Railroad" Smith, solemnly heard a Texas Christian University student read a paper on "Who Jilted Davy Crockett And How," and one evening trooped outside to hear J. Frank Dobie tell stories about Sam Houston (see next page).



TALL TEXAS TALES ABOUT THE BIG, BRAVE AND SOMETIMES BAD MEN WHO GAVE THE STATE MOST OF ITS RICH LEGEND, MUCH OF ITS REAL HISTORY AND SOME OF ITS GREATNESS

Like everything in Texas, the folk tales are prodigious. Mostly they are about cowboys. There is the story of two lazy cowboys sent out to drive fence posts who found a few thousand rattlesnakes frozen stiff by the cold norther. They picked up the snakes, drove them in, doleful quick and were very upset when their foreman, instead of commending their speed, came back from inspecting the fence and fired them because a warm sun had thawed out the snakes which crawled off with a couple of miles of good barbed wire. In Texas, Paul Bunyan becomes a cowboy who builds a pipeline to

Chicago through which he pumps his cattle. But the favorite Texas hero is Pecos Bill who was brought up by a family of coyotes and was so tough that rattlesnakes ran from him. Pecos Bill would have lived a happy life if not for his ruesful romance with Slue-Foot Sue. On their wedding day, Sue mounted Bill's bronco and was thrown so high she almost bumped the moon. When she came down she landed on her new steel-spring bustle and bounced up again. For four days, Sue bounded and rebounded until Pecos Bill, heartbroken but humane, shot his bride so she wouldn't starve to death.

Life Goes to a Party (continued)



DOBIE TELLS A TALE: "WHILE SAM HOUSTON WAS RUNNING FOR PRESIDENT..."

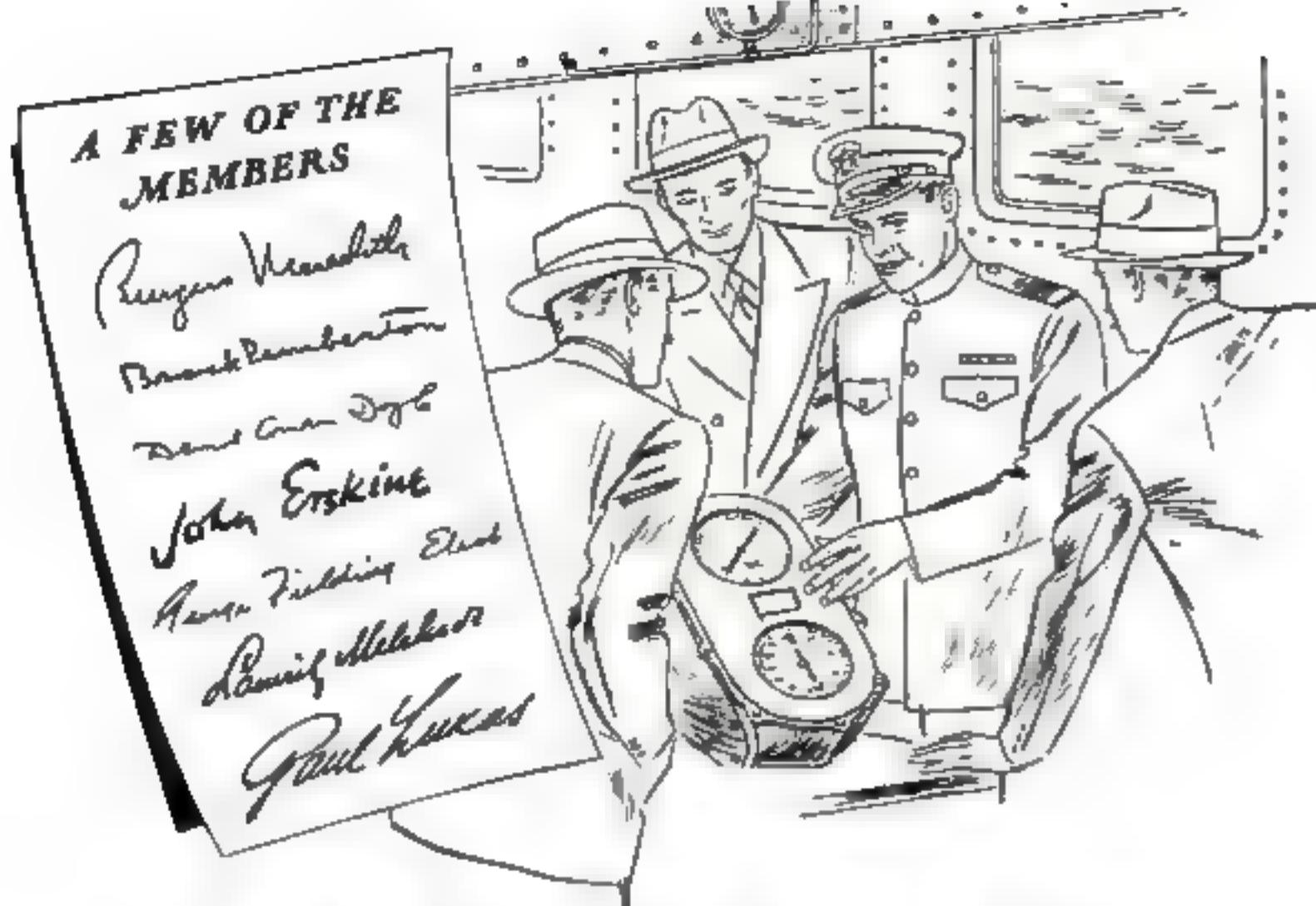
J. Frank Dobie, author of "Coronado's Children" and "The Longhorns," probably knows more about Texas folklore than any other man alive. A professor at the University of Texas, he is a very unprofessorial professor. He does his research while out riding around the State, loafing around chuck wagons, gabbing with trail drivers. He lectures on folklore at the University, doling his course up under the proper title of "Life and Literature of the Southwest." Around the campfire shown on pages 78-79 he talked about Sam Houston and, for LIFE, set down a little tale which follows:

A man could write a life of Sam Houston from anecdotes about him that have been traveling in Texas the last 100 years. A lot of them are not facts but most of them are true. That's where the historians have a lot to learn from us folks who like folklore.

One time while Sam Houston was running for President of the Republic of Texas, he sent word to the Thomas plantation down the Colorado River that he was coming. The Thomases invited all the bellwethers in the country, put the big pot in the little one, fried the skillet and threw



"HE HAD A LUSTY APPETITE. EATING DID NOT INTERFERE WITH HIS TALKING!"



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Sign your name below, and mail us this advertisement with ten cents. We'll send a bottle of Aqua Velva. It's the world's largest selling after-shave, enjoyed by gentlemen everywhere.

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"HE'S NOTHING BUT A DAMNED VEGETARIAN!" OLD SAM HOUSTON BELLERED

the handle away. Dinner, of course, was in the middle of the day. Houston was full of talk. His enemies may have been men with the bark on, but he peeled it off. He had a lusty appetite. His eating did not interfere with his talking and his talking did not interfere with his eating.

After an enormous bait of pork and turnip greens, roast beef and fried venison, baked sweet potatoes and Irish potato salad, roasting ears that were roasted and red beans boiled with fat bacon, both cornbread and biscuits, along with trimmings and buttermilk, the dessert came. It was hot rice pudding—than which nothing can be hotter. It was served in ample bowls and eaten with ample spoons.

The more old Sam ate, the stronger he was getting. When dessert came he was on one of his sorriest opponents. "He's nothing but a damned vegetarian," old Sam Houston bellered, and at the same time clapped a heaping spoonful of hot rice pudding into his mouth. As quick as a herd of Texas longhorns could stampede, he spewed it back into the bowl and over the surrounding territory. Then pausing, spoon suspended in air he calmly interposed: "Many a damn fool would have swallowed that."



"HE CALMLY INTERPOSED: 'MANY A DAMN FOOL WOULD HAVE SWALLERED THAT!'"

"STILL SMOKING
THOSE OLD-FASHIONED
CIGARETTES, COLONEL?"

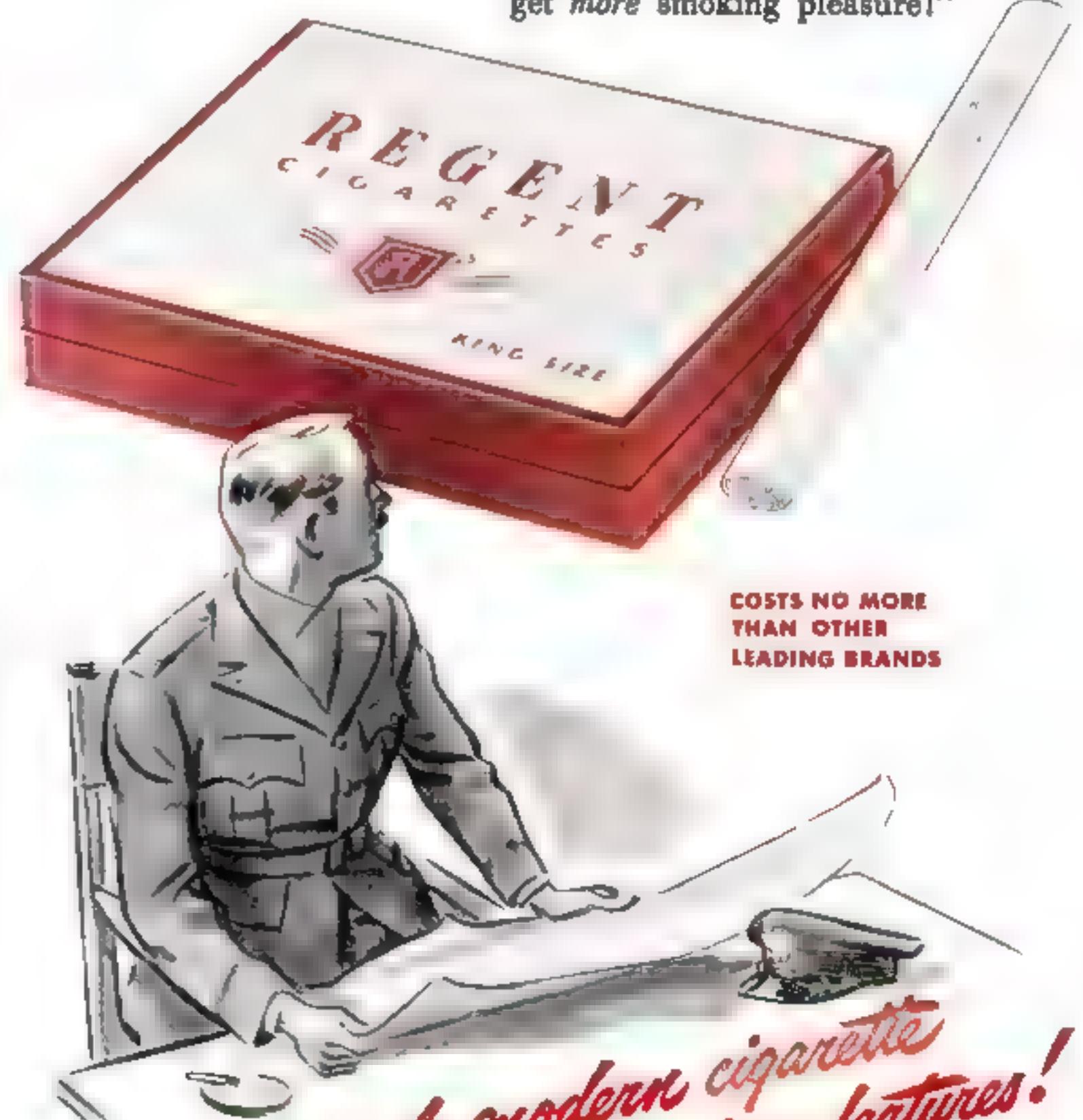
Go modern—
Smoke
REGENT!



PARDON me, Colonel, for mentioning it, but a modern man like *you* smoking a "shortie"...why sir, haven't you heard about Regent? It's King Size...20% longer...gives you much more cigarette for your money.

And Colonel, Regent's taste is refreshingly *new*. You see, sir, Regent's choice Domestic and Turkish tobaccos are *specially selected* for finer flavor... then Multiple-Blended for extra mildness!

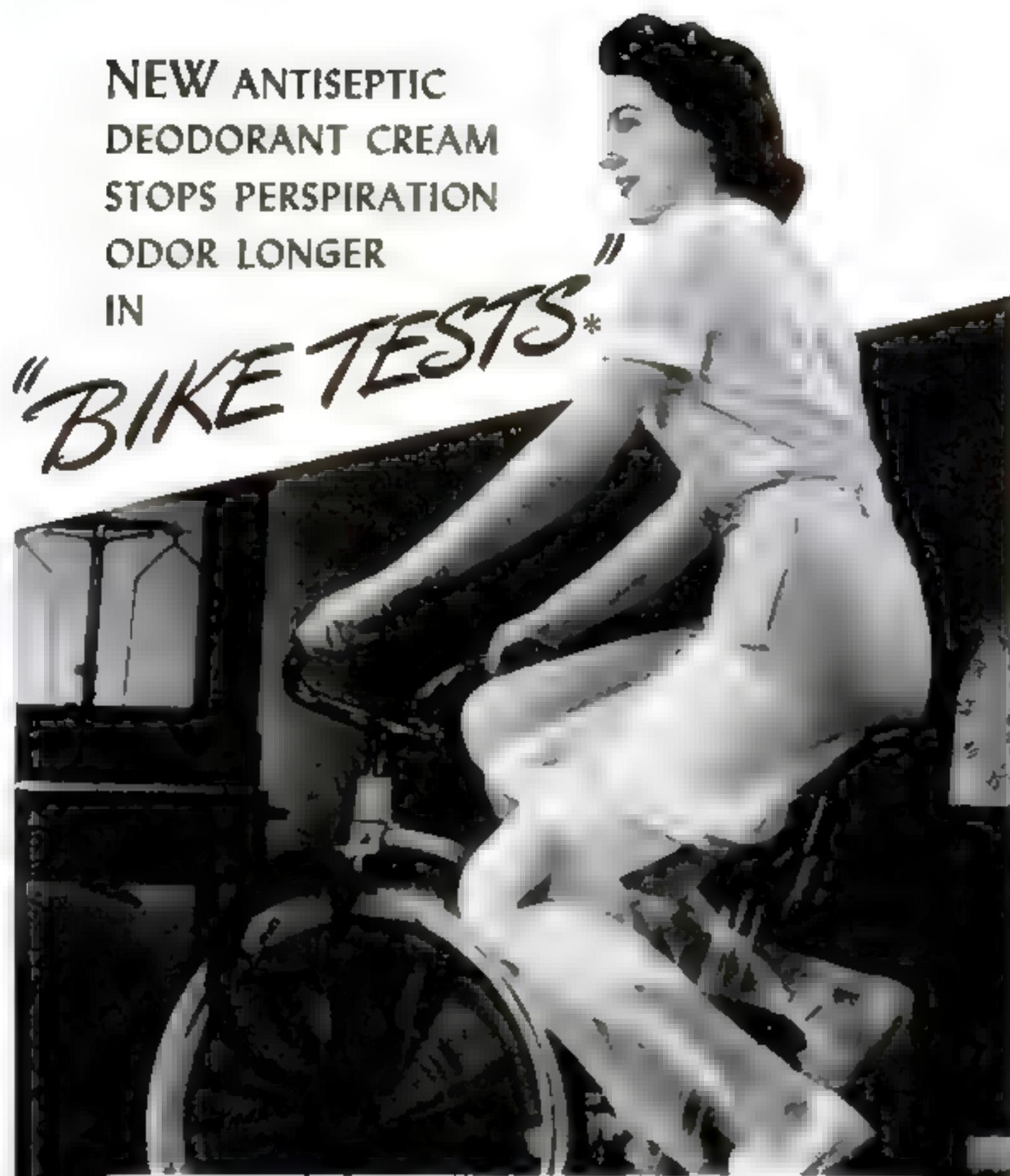
And Regent's crush-proof box is great, sir...has it all over that crumpled paper pack you carry... keeps each Regent firm and fresh all the time! Why, even Regent's oval shape is modern! Yes sir—you can see and taste Regent's superiorities. So go modern, Colonel...get Regent...and you'll get *more* smoking pleasure!"



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with ALL the modern features!

THEATER



OVER 24% MORE PROTECTION AGAINST PERSPIRATION ODOR

—than the two other most popular deodorant creams tested 24 to 48% more effective...according to impartial laboratory "bike tests" in a great university—using the newly perfected sensitive precision instrument, the olfactometer, to measure under-arm odor for the first time. In these tests, the new Etiquet Deodorant Cream gave "bike" exercisers over 24% MORE PROTECTION! Details sent upon request.

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1. **STOPS** under-arm perspiration *odor* 1 to 3 days.
2. **STOPS** under-arm perspiration *itself* 1 to 3 days.
3. **PURE**, soothing, antiseptic. Not irritating to normal skin. Safe to use every day. Smells nice and fragrant!
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5. **WORKS FAST**—disappears from sight. Not greasy, not sticky. No need to rinse off. Dab on... dress... dash!

TRIAL SIZE YOUR GIFT WITH 39¢ JAR Try gift jar FREE. If not satisfied, return large jar unopened, get MONEY BACK. Made by makers of Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. At toilet goods counters. Also 10¢ size.

Etiquet DEODORANT CREAM

Stops Under-arm Perspiration and Odor 1 to 3 Days



CONSTANCE MOORE AS A MIGHTY FEMALE WARRIOR MEETS A REAL MAN (RON

"BY JUPITER" MAY BE LAST BROADWAY

First and only big expensive musical produced for Broadway in wartime is *By Jupiter*, which cost over \$100,000, and may well be the last grand splash of its kind for the duration. *By Jupiter* is a musical version of *The Warrior's Husband*, which tells of an arsy-varsy Greek kingdom where women are warriors and men are delicate domestic creatures who stay home and sew. To catch Broadway's summer trade, it offers impudently sexy songs by



ALD GRAHAM) WHO TAMES HER WITH A BIT OF SWORDPLAY AND OTHER TRICKS

MUSICAL IN GRAND PRE-WAR STYLE

Rodgers & Hart, a brigade of chorus beauties, and handsome scenery by Jo Mielziner, who from now on will devote his talents to war camouflage.

Making her Broadway debut as a singing star in *By Jupiter* is cool, classic Constance Moore (above). Prior to this, her peculiar distinction is that she appeared in 91 Grade B movies. She is not likely to do so again. Top star of the show is Ray Bolger whose superb dancing is shown on next page.

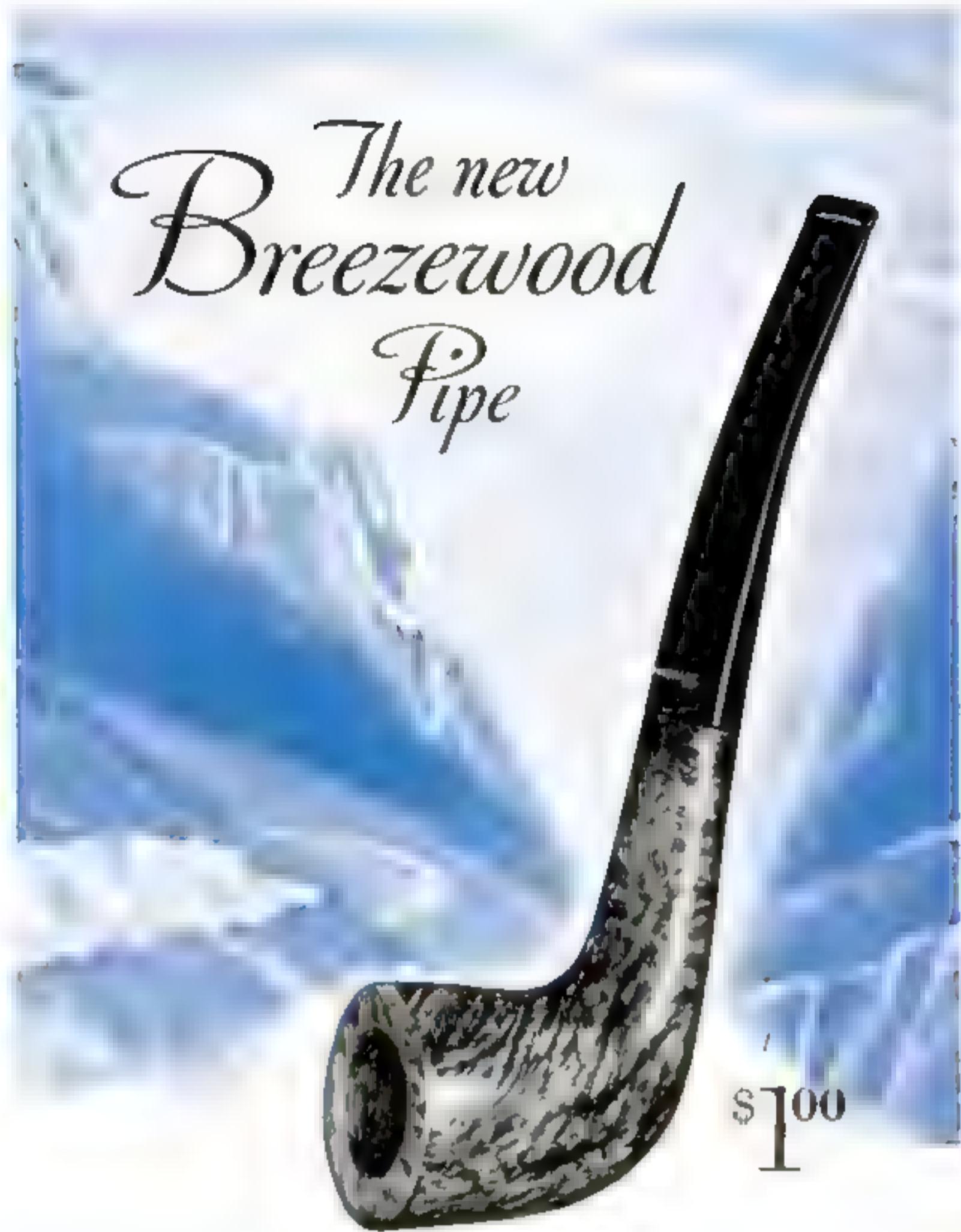
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*The new
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Pipe*

Unheeded — sleeping unused for centuries, a virgin forest of pipe burls has just been discovered in America, in the Great Smoky Mountains of North Carolina! Again the American continent proves its native wealth of natural resources — and from this virgin forest comes a beautiful pipe burl, lighter in weight than any before known — "Breezewood." The Breezewood pipe weighs, on an average, less than an ounce and a quarter, complete with mouthpiece! See, hold in your hands this astonishing new American Breezewood pipe, at your tobacconist's, today. Buy one — and discover how wonderfully sweet a smoke America's Breezewood pipe can bring you! In all traditional shapes, at your dealer's.



No wonder they were astonished! They all guessed too high! Actually the astounding new Breezewood pipe weighs, on an average, less than an ounce and a quarter!

The Breezewood Pipe

Free Your Hands for Other Tasks. The new Breezewood pipe is so light, it's pleasant to keep it in your mouth. Breezewood doesn't fatigue you when driving, fishing or whenever your hands are busy.

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"By Jupiter" (continued)



DANCING RAY BOLGER PLAYS A FRAGILE YOUTH IN A LAND OF WARRIOR WOMEN



IN SHOW HE IS CALLED "PERFECT EXAMPLE OF DELICATE MASCULINE GRACE"

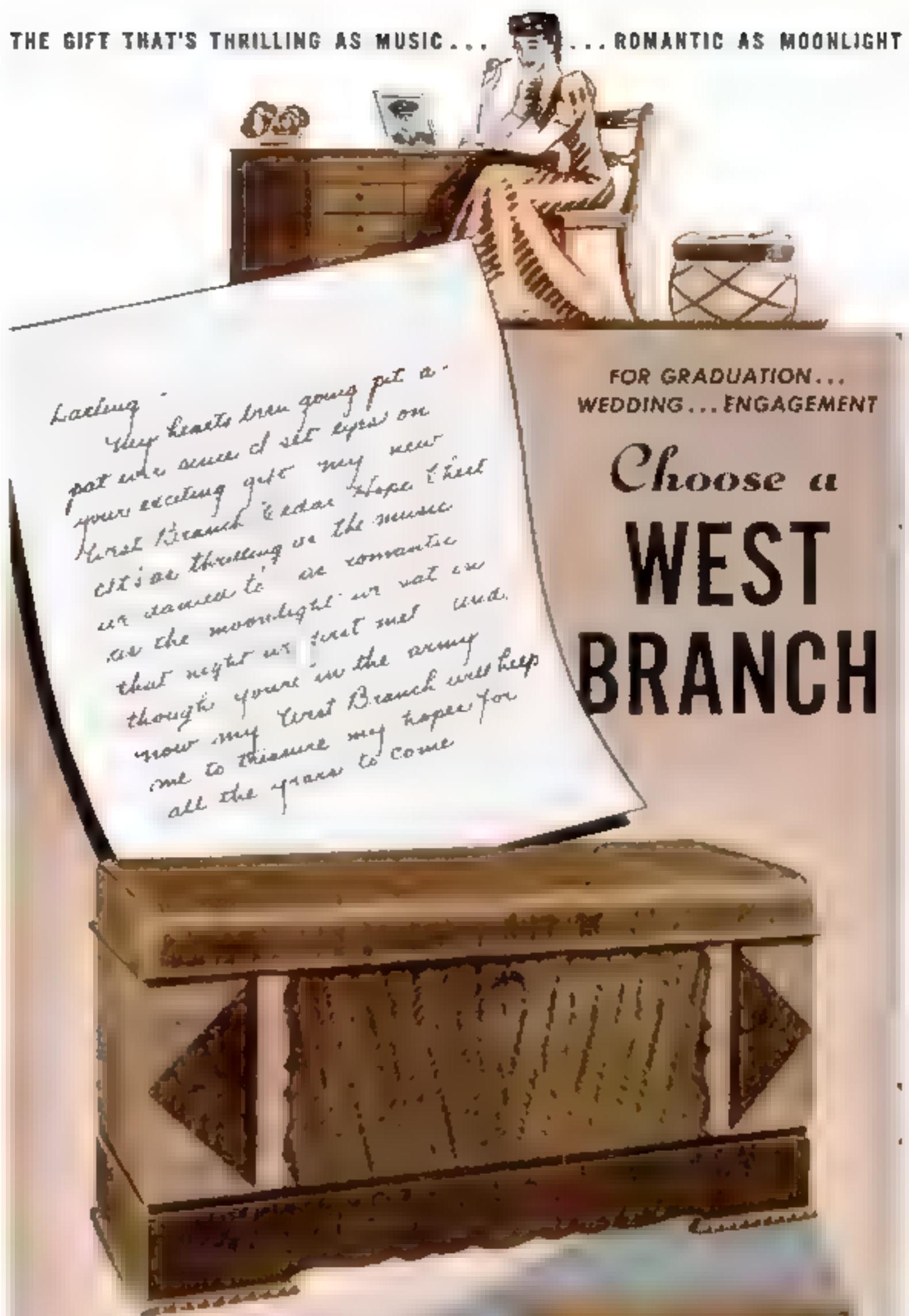


AN ACE BROADWAY DANCER, BOLGER LENDS HIS TALENTS TO SCREWY CLOWNING!



IN A BURLESQUE OF GRECIAN GRACE, BOLGER FLIES AND FLOPS THROUGH SPACE

THE GIFT THAT'S THRILLING AS MUSIC... ROMANTIC AS MOONLIGHT



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ASK YOUR DEALER!**

No 7708T Big, 48 inch modern chest V-matched center panel of figured Oriental wood. Padouk and Butt Walnut end panels with decorative Zebra wood overlays. Deep American Walnut waterfall lid, scalloped edge, hand polished. Equipped with West Branch full length, $\frac{3}{8}$ width automatic tray. American Walnut base, carved feet.

Look Under the Lid! Every West Branch interior is natural cedar . . . free from artificial coloring that weakens protective cedar fumes . . . free from metal that becomes gummy and stains clothing. Exclusive West Branch Atmosphere Conditioning safeguards veneers from warping or peeling. Look for these three important advantages whenever you examine any cedar chest!

Select your favorite West Branch style from FREE illustrated folder — send penny postcard today!
West Branch Chests, Milton, Pa.



No. 9395. Authentic colonial low boy in genuine mahogany. Drawer in base, simulated drawers above.

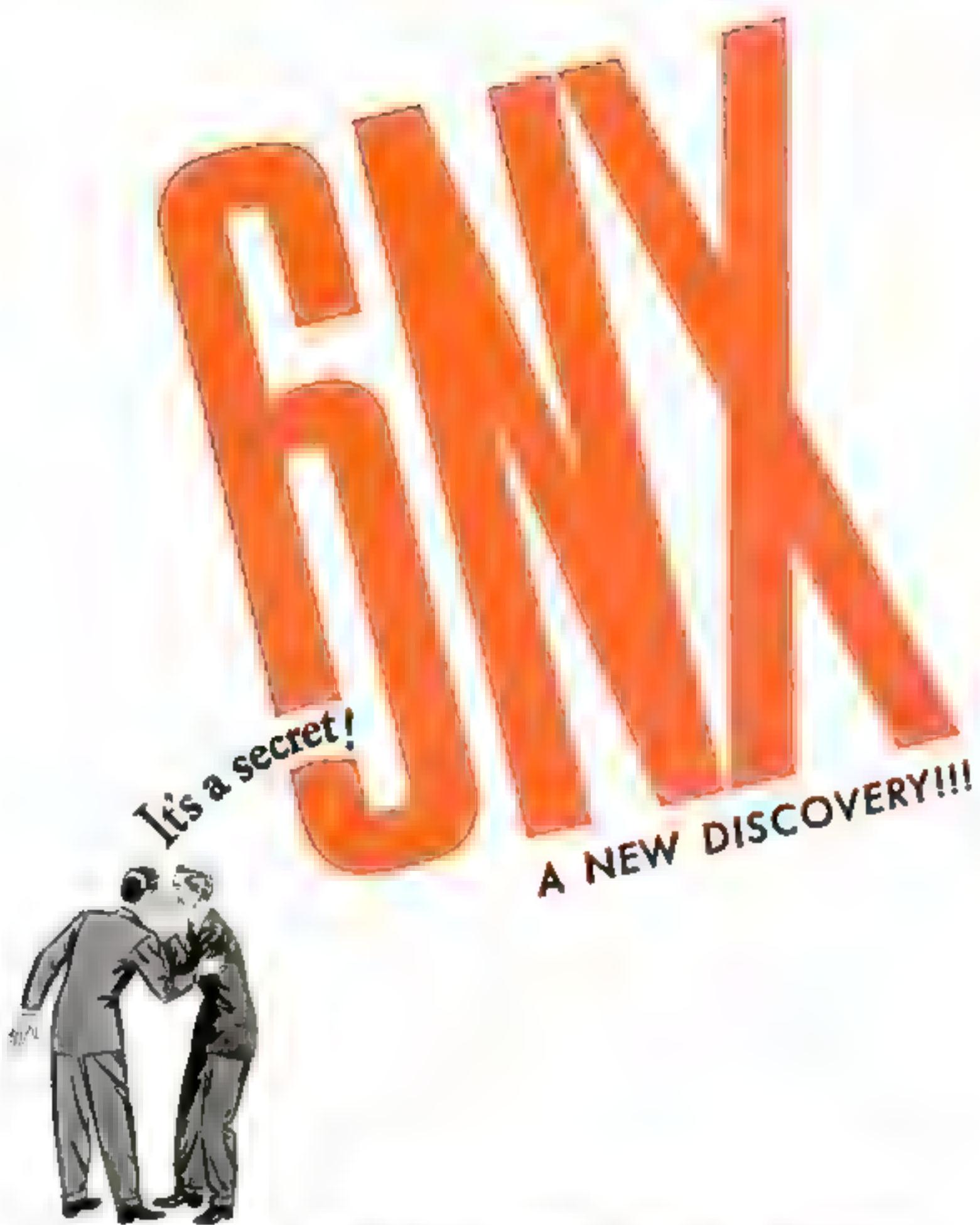


No. 30080. Salem chest in maple or mahogany. Drawers in base, simulated drawers on top compartment.



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MAKES YOUR DOUBLE EDGE RAZOR PERFORM MIRACLES!

Everywhere men are discussing 6NX! 6NX—the new secret process which is amazing thousands upon thousands of shavers!

6NX is a symbol representing a certain combination of special steel, tempering, lacquering, grinding, honing and stropping. This 6NX process produces a safety razor blade so astonishing in its keenness and long life that it will change your whole concept of double-edge shaving!

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formula applied to the new Star Double Edge Blade. It's the result of hundreds of scientific experiments! It's an achievement which has produced the most remarkable double edge blade ever manufactured!

Don't wait another day to try these new and *different* double edge blades. They're on sale now at retailers everywhere... Star Division, American Safety Razor Corporation, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Now—more than ever before—men want razor blades that are keener; that last longer; that give close, comfortable shaves. That's why *you* should try Star Double Edge Blades in your double edge razor. Our famous 6NX Process has revolutionized shaving!

10¢ and 25¢ pkgs.

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PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

WILLIAM TELL JR.

Sirs

The ancient art of archery is being revived at Ohio Wesleyan University as part of "home defense" physical training. Archery is a favorite of the campus coeds and I submit this picture as evidence of their skill. These modern William Tells claim to have sublime confidence in their

own marksmanship. The daring young woman who stands steady as a neatly pierced apple is swept from her head is Miss Becky Ward. You will note the photographer stopped the apple and arrow dead, a suspicious 2 inches above her head. Incidentally, Becky looks "terrified."

G. W. YOUNG

Delaware, Ohio



HANGERS GO TO WAR

Sirs

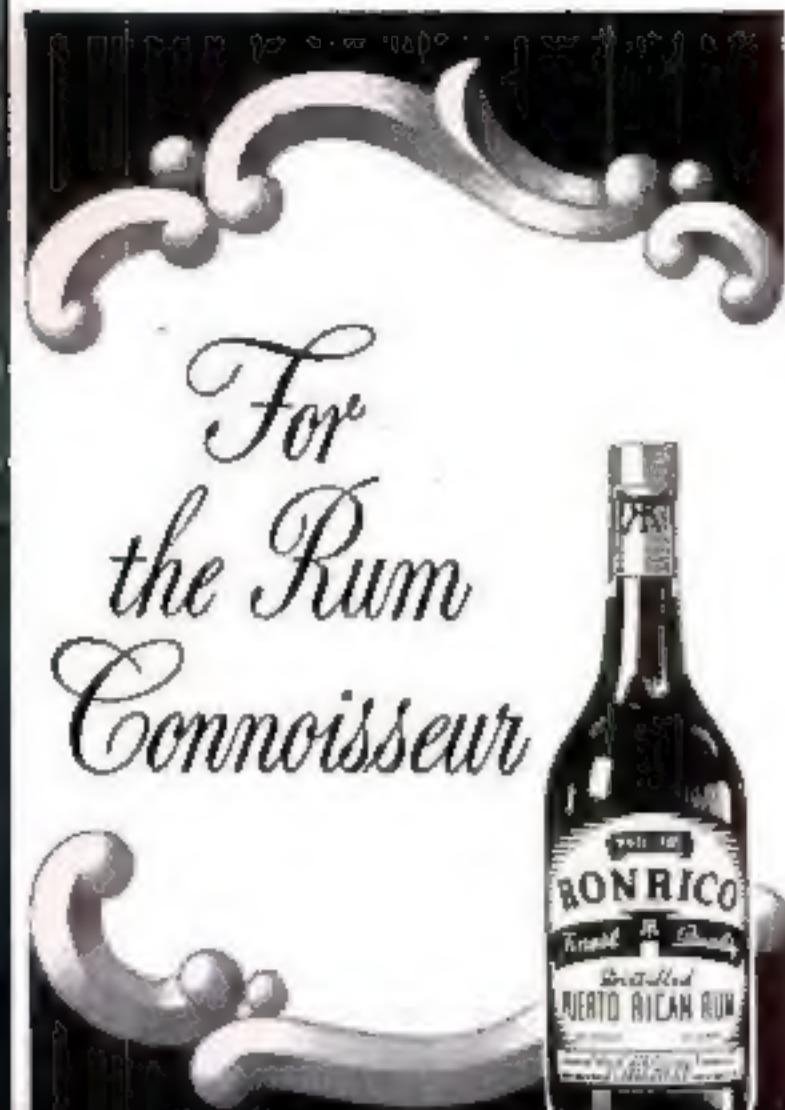
Recently a local paper carried a news item that soldiers at the New Cumberland, Pa. Reception Center needed coat hangers. A week later the students of McKean High School answered the plea with the display shown in this picture.

The 'bring-a-hanger' campaign produced better than eight hangers per student. Here the top performers in the drive, Misses Clara Dylewski, Audrey Thompson and Anita Evanoff, pose with McKean High's contribution to victory.

ALAN HARPER

McKean, Pa.





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Connoisseur

RON RICO Best RUM bar none

The Rum Connoisseur contains over 100 tested drink and food recipes. Send for your Free copy, Ronrico Corporation, Dept. (A) Miami, Florida. Ronrico Rum 86, 90 and 151 Proof.

TEETHING PAINS RELIEVED QUICKLY



WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

DR. HAND'S TEETHING LOTION Just rub it on the gums Buy it from your druggist today



OTIS UNDERWEAR, 57 Worth St., N. Y.
Buy United States War Savings
Bonds and Stamps

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS (continued)

FOUR FEET OF HAIR

Sirs:

Here is a picture of my 12-year-old daughter, Ruth, who has never had her hair cut. Ruth's hair is her pet hobby. A few years ago when all her little friends were cutting and curling their hair to look like Shirley Temple, she was brushing, braiding and coaxing hers to grow longer. Now that the extra-short feathercut is the rage, Ruth takes even more pride in her 4-ft. tresses. Long hair is something of an oddity these days, but Ruth doesn't care. These pictures were taken when she was drying her hair in the sun and quite a crowd gathered to watch. I think Ruth kind of enjoyed it.

MRS. GRACE DAVIS
Portland, Ore.



Walk with your Uncle in

FREE MAN

shoes



America is Walking. While you're "going easy" on tires and gas, you'll find "easy going" in Freeman. Uncle Sam is the biggest buyer on our books . . . and we're building him some mighty good shoes for our armed forces. But, we expect to build enough fine Freeman Shoes to take care of normal civilian needs too. Buy Good Shoes . . . you'll find Freemans are leathered "for duration".

Most Freeman Styles \$6.95.

Master Fitters \$8.75.

COLA-MESH
Easy-Breezy

SEE YOUR **FREEMAN** DEALER
FOR NAME WRITE FREEMAN SHOE CORPORATION, BELoit, WIS.



FREEMANS FOR FIGHTERS!
Hundreds of thousands of pairs of U. S. "Service" and "Garrison" shoes are being made by Freeman.



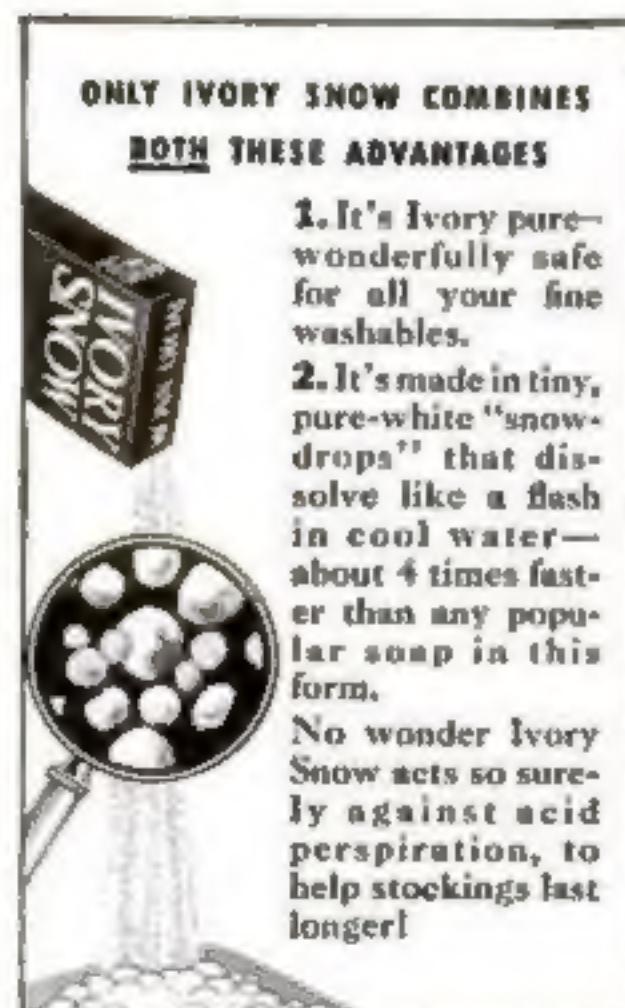
To save silk stockings—remember

PERSPIRATION IS ACID ...it *DESTROYS* stockings!

ONLY IVORY SNOW
combines 2 great advantages
you'll want in fighting
this daily danger

• Here's how you can get as much as 20% more wear from your treasured silk stockings: Simply drop careless washing methods and turn to modern, daily Ivory Snow care to remove acid perspiration and other soil.

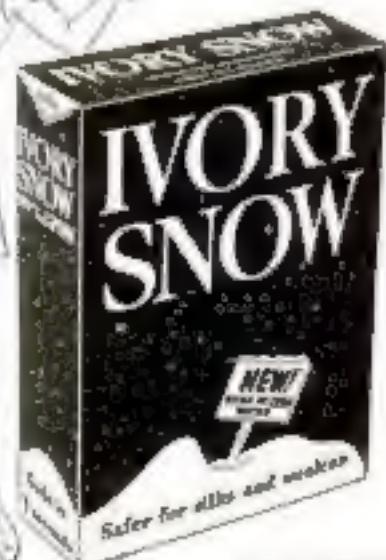
But—use only Ivory Snow! Not a flake, not a powder—Ivory Snow is pure soap made in tiny "snowdrops" that practically explode into rich suds in 3 seconds—even in cool water. And only new, different Ivory Snow combines 2 great advantages you will want in removing dangerous acid perspiration (see right).



Miss Ivory Snow Tells

HOW TO GET LONGER WEAR FROM THOSE NEW RAYON STOCKINGS:

1. Don't be careless—wash them in pure Ivory Snow suds after every wearing. Be sure to handle gently.
2. Avoid hot water—it's easy to get rich suds in cool water with Ivory Snow.
3. Rayon stockings, and weaves in which rayon is combined with other fibres (silk, cotton, nylon), must be thoroughly dry before wearing.



RICH SUDS IN JUST 3 SECONDS—EVEN IN COOL WATER! 99% PURE

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

CARROLL CUTIES

Sirs:

Recently Earl Carroll, the self-styled beauty expert, sent out form letters to colleges asking permission to select the campus queen. One letter came to us at the California Institute of Technology, Cal Tech, as every one except Mr. Carroll

knows, is not coeducational, but with the help of make-up artists from Pasadena Playhouse we were able to enter the three lovelies in these pictures. Carroll said he had a hard time choosing the queen because "all the girls were exceptionally lovely."

HOLT ASHLEY

Pasadena, Cal.



EARL CARROLL'S CHOICE FOR CAL TECH QUEEN IS MARY (ALIAS JOHN) WARREN



RUNNER-UP PATRICIA (PETE) LAMBERT



BEAUTY GEORGIA (GEORGE) OSGOOD



MINUS MAKE-UP, WARREN AND OSGOOD LOOK OVER THEIR GLAMOR PHOTOS

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What Every Woman wants to know about a Man



...that he's thoughtful of others,
the kind who says—"Nothing's too
good for my friends or guests." (He
serves Old Schenley Bottled in Bond).

...that he's thoughtful of himself,
demands the best, but knows top quality
isn't always top-priced. (He buys
America's Mildest Bottled in Bond).

Drink
OLD SCHENLEY
America's Mildest
BOTTLED IN BOND

First (1st) in Quality ... 6 YEARS OLD

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY—100 PROOF—THIS WHISKEY IS 6 YEARS OLD. SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

YOU WANT STEADY NERVES

when you're flying
Uncle Sam's bombers
across the ocean



WITH THESE MEN WHO FLY BOMBERS, it's Camels all the time. The co-pilot of this crew (name censored), (second from left, above) says: "I've found Camels a milder, better smoke for me in every way. And that grand flavor never wears out its welcome." Yes, in times like these when there's added tension and strain for everyone, steady smokers stick to Camels—the cigarette with less nicotine in the smoke.

GERMANS OR JAPS, storms or ice... you've got to be ready for anything when you're flying the big bombers across the ocean to the battle-front. You bet you want steady nerves. These two veterans above are Camel smokers. (Names censored by Bomber Ferry Command.) The captain (nearest camera), a Tennessean, says: "I smoke a lot in this job. I stick to Camels. There's less nicotine in the smoke. And Camels taste great!"

STEADY SMOKERS STICK TO

CAMELS

*There's LESS NICOTINE
in the smoke*

The smoke of slower-burning Camels contains 28% less nicotine than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself!

IN MY NEW
DEFENSE JOB, LESS
NICOTINE IN THE
SMOKE IS IMPORTANT
TO ME. I STICK
TO CAMELS



FIRST IN THE SERVICE—

The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, the Navy, the Marines, and the Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records in Post Exchanges, Sales Commissaries, Ship's Service Stores, Ship's Stores, and Canteens.)

—AND THE FAVORITE AT HOME!

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